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Knight-Bruce, George Wyndham
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Journals of the Mashonaland
mission, 1888 to 1892



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Map showing approximate position of those Native towns and villages only which have been visited by the Bishop and other workers of the Church of England in Mashonaland and Matabeleland since 1838.

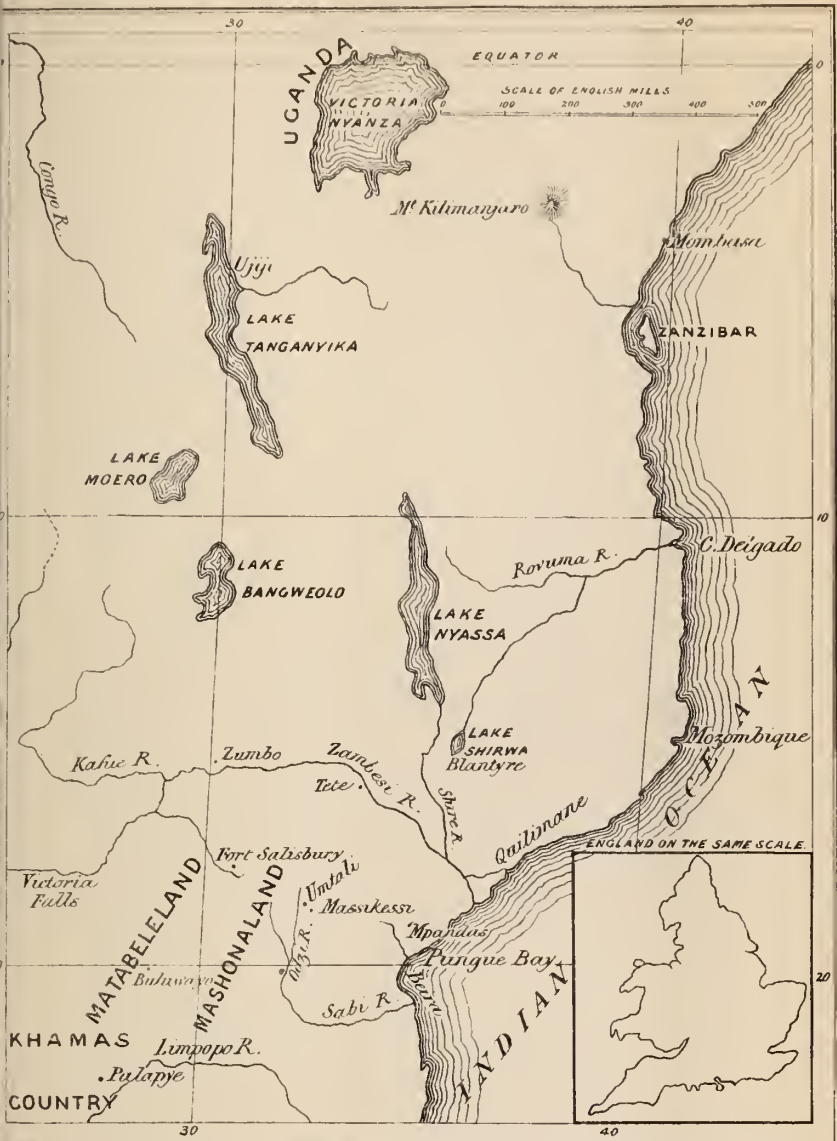
VERY THINLY INHABITED

VERY THINLY INHABITED

VERY THINLY INHABITED

Scale 2 1/2 Miles to an inch.

This map shewing the position of Mashonaland is copied in the main from that compiled by M^r E.P. Mathers.



JOURNALS

OF THE

MASHONALAND MISSION

1888 TO 1892

BY

G. W. H. KNIGHT-BRUCE

BISHOP FOR MASHONALAND

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY L. K. B.

The hut and the dirt, the rags and the skin,
The grovelling want and the darkened mind,—
I looked on this; but the Lord within:
I would what He saw was in me to find.'

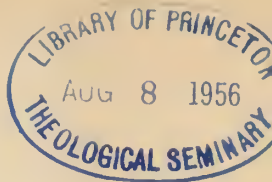
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1893



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LONDON

TO THE VENERABLE
SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL
AND TO THE
REVEREND PREBENDARY TUCKER

THIS LITTLE ACCOUNT
OF THE MISSION TO MASHONALAND

IS DEDICATED
IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE ENCOURAGEMENT AND HELP
THAT MADE THE MISSION POSSIBLE

P R E F A C E .



WHEN I read the proof-sheets of the extracts of my Journal for 1891, I felt that the scanty allusions to the spiritual aspect of the work might be misunderstood ; but as the Journal consists mainly of notes written at camp fires or during the intervals of travelling, little appears except what was necessary to recall the events of the day. There was little time to record conversations with chiefs and people, interesting though they were. I consider that our Heavenly Father's intention that the Gospel should be preached to the Mashona has been so plainly shown by His leadings during the late years, and that His blessing on the work, when begun, has been so continuous, that any intermittent allusions to either would rather obscure the great end to which day after day material work was tending.

The diary was not intended to have the interest

of a book of travel, few of the daily incidents being written down beyond those that had some direct connection with the work.

Perhaps, too, those who have tried to do Christ's work among the heathen would rather that they should commend it to their fellow-Christians by the facts as they exist than by appeals to their feelings; for if the missionary did not believe that the accumulation of time spent in wearying travelling without the opportunity of doing any directly spiritual work, and the anxieties and responsibilities for the material needs of the Mission and its workers, were essentially a part of Christ's work, their deadening influence would very soon render the return to a life of sincere spiritual exhortation almost impossible.

'The mount for vision—but below
The paths of daily duty go,
And nobler life therein shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.'

G. W. H. KNIGHT-BRUCE.

March, 1892.

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The photographs are by Mr. Cadwallader of Capetown.

MASHONALAND.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

THE COUNTRY AND THE BISHOP'S FIRST JOURNEY.

THE thrilling scenes of Church history set with martyrdom have been in Central Africa; in Southern Africa there has been the steady movement forward that annexes, almost silently, one race and country after another. We at home hardly even realise how the red colour-wash of English rule is painted further and further over the world's map; but perhaps we do not realise at all how a greater King is spreading His kingdom, for truly 'it cometh not with observation.'

In 1889 the northern border of the Transvaal was the end of the white man's rule, and practically of his settlements. But between that border and the Zambesi was a large country, lying, roughly speaking, between latitudes 22° and 16° , that was very vaguely known; where its borders to the east touched the Indian Ocean there were a few Portuguese stations, far inland to the west there was a great nation known as the Matabele, while between

the two lay a land that was waiting to be rediscovered. Yes, rediscovered; for Mashonaland is the only district in Central or Southern Africa that seems to have had a past history of busier days and more civilised culture. Which of the centuries saw it we cannot say, nor who the settlers were, nor when they passed away, leaving their mark behind in numberless old shafts, not deep, but so numerous in places as to alter the whole surface of the ground; in strongly built fortress towers, and, possibly, in the Mashona knowledge of smelting iron. The country is in many parts very beautiful, and in many thickly populated. But till two years ago poor Mashonaland was kept by the Matabele chief as a Scotch laird might keep a deer-forest; every spring his regiments of fighting men ('impis' they are called) were marched in to kill and sack, bringing back with them girls, boys, and cattle. The Matabele had all to gain and nothing to lose by the process—it provided their food without the drawback of labour; it 'blooded' the young regiments; it gave future recruits to the army. The poor Mashona were incapable by nature of offering any resistance, and their disintegration into separate tribes, with no one paramount chief, left them helpless before the disciplined power of the Matabele, with their thousands of fighting men in organised regiments.

Besides these inroads a few hunters were allowed to go into the country for part of every year; and one among them, Mr. Selous, bears an honoured

name for his sympathy and interest in the people. He wrote of them: 'They seem to have but little of the ferocity that often forms so marked a feature in uncivilised races. Some eighty years ago this country must have been thickly populated, as almost every valley has at some time been under cultivation. Personally, I like the Mashona better than any other African tribe I have come in contact with.'

So there Mashonaland lay, filled with the cruelty and fear that reign in most absolutely heathen countries. For the life of these untouched masses is not that state of natural innocence and peace that people affect to think who 'do not believe in Missions.'

Generously supported by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Bishop of Bloemfontein, Dr. Knight-Bruce, went up in 1888 to get permission from the Matabele chief to go into Mashonaland. He reached Lobengula's kraal in May, and met with great kindness there from the London Society's missionaries, who have been carrying on for fifty years the work Dr. Moffat began among the Matabele. Lobengula delayed as long as possible before giving the Bishop the 'way into Mashonaland,' *i.e.* permission to enter. To go into any native country, in its wild state, without this permission from the ruling chief, almost always leads to grave trouble. A few years before Captain Patterson and his party, attempting to reach the Zambesi on the strength of a very reluctant permission wrung from the chief, were

followed by one of his Indunas (head men) and killed—at least this is the account of their death in Matabeleland. The Bishop writes: ‘One hears stories here of darkness and cruelty that make one feel the need of the light of the Gospel. The present chief has recently killed his own favourite sister and brother; the latter was gaining too much power, and an Induna was sent out to kill him. These royal orders caused no astonishment. “I know what you have come for; do it quickly,” he said at once.’

Day after day the Bishop went to Lobengula’s kraal. Sometimes he was alone, sometimes surrounded by his head men; then he was more difficult to convince. Some of his arguments were quaint: ‘I am the proper person to say if the teachers are wanted,’ was one. The reason of the delay was obvious: ‘He knows, if your Mission settles there, it is good-bye to his raids,’ said a trader. However, at last leave was given, and the Bishop started immediately—the first missionary who had got into the country. An impi, on its return from raiding, passed him by a silent detour, their ‘spoor’ (foot-prints) being seen turning out of the road to avoid a meeting.

The Bishop wrote: ‘These impis do not know till they have gone some distance whom they are to attack. A man who had returned from a late raid described how they had surrounded the helpless people, dragged them one by one out of the crowd, and given them one fatal stab with the assegai, till

the dead bodies lay in heaps. Sometimes the poor victims were tied up in dry grass and then set on fire. The wives of the late Matabele chief say of him with pride: "He *was* a king; he knew *how* to kill." What I know now about the Matabele throws a light for me, such as no previous argument has done, on God's commands to the Israelites to destroy whole nations.'

After passing the border into Mashonaland, the Bishop for more than a week met 'with no man, woman or child'—not a Mashona was to be seen; the former population had been killed off or driven away. It was very strange, trekking on through the silent, empty country, the road in places being very beautiful, though generally flat. A good many rivers were crossed, which the Bishop described: 'All seem to have the same characteristics—sandy or rocky bottoms, steep broken banks, reeds and bushes; some are full of crocodiles. We passed very large ant-heaps as we went along, made by the small red ant; one I measured was about 16 feet high, and another over 80 feet in circumference at the base.'

The track of the impi was constantly crossed, and presently the town was passed that had just been destroyed. The chief and all the men had been killed, as well as the older women who could not walk; the boys, the younger women, and the cattle had been taken back to Matabeleland. One poor survivor, either of this or a similar raid, who joined the Bishop had a doleful little song he used to sing

over the camp fires at night: 'I am a great man, and I come from a river; it is a pity I have not a mate.' Nearly all his family had been killed.

Further on a place was reached where the waggon had to be left on account of the tsetse fly. Two years later, close to this same spot, the Pioneers ended their march, and it was made the head station of the Chartered Company's government, when it was named Fort Salisbury.

The Bishop walked on, following the curious native footpaths that lead from one native village to another in an endless chain that, with time and good fortune, would bring one to the Egyptian deserts. Food and guides had to be paid with barter goods, chiefly calico and beads, and this weighty money necessitated carriers—the nightmare and dread of African travel.

A great many chiefs were visited through all the district up to the Zambesi. They were all fairly gracious, but very childish, dirty, and savage. Clothing there was none, till those under Portuguese influence in semi-Arab dress near the river were reached. In one village all the people ran up to the top of a high hill and hid among the rocks, horrified with their glimpse of a white man.

Their ideas on religion were few and vague. One tribe lived in some awe of an old man on a mountain; another said their chief knew about heaven and what happened after death, resting satisfied with this delegated faith; another village had a subterranean

cavern, apparently treated as sacred, for they would not allow the Bishop, as a white man, to go down to it. His native servant described it as very beautiful, sloping downwards for more than 200 feet to a pool of water extending out of sight, extraordinarily blue in colour and very clear, with stones at the bottom shining with phosphorescent light. Here, too, the men spoke more fully about their religion, saying that God lived in the sky, though once he had lived with them, before the Matabele drove him away ; that God had made them and taught them to sow ; and that they learnt all this from their chief.

At last the edge of the mountainous upland country was reached, and the broad steamy plain of the Zambesi valley stretched beyond. It took four days' walking to cross, and the Bishop says : ' There was at first little of interest in the plain below, but the trees increased in size as we went on. Two human skulls and some bones were lying near the path, the remains probably of natives who had not strength to face the mountains. In the rainy season the ground must be swampy from the length and size of the now dry grass, which is peculiarly strong and unyielding as one walks through it ; one stalk of native corn measured 21 feet high, and the bamboos grow to an extraordinary height.'

A large chief on the way promised to treat ' teachers ' kindly when they should come, and volunteered to build them a house. The carriers became more and more troublesome, as natives generally do

nearer civilisation, and at last the wearying plain, with its long walk through high sharp grass, was passed, and Zumbo reached.

Here the little party should have been met by a young Englishman, Richard Foster, one of the bravest of solitary African travellers. Faithful to his tryst he had been, for the boat in which he had pushed up alone from the mouth of the Zambesi lay on its banks near Zumbo; from there he had apparently walked on to meet the Bishop, but little further could be learnt of him. The Bishop carefully traced him to a village near, but found, on questioning the men who had been Foster's guide, that they were ignorant of the places they claimed to have taken him to. The Bishop could only suspect foul play; and this seemed more likely as he passed a skeleton on the road, which his carriers told him was that of a man who had been killed for his beads. But if on that dreary plain a brave soul passed away in the effort to keep a promise, there may be easier deaths we might care less to die.

After a few days the Bishop went on down the river in a boat. He says:

‘The boat was heavy, the paddles small, the men lazy, but the stream strong. The boats generally used are hollowed-out trees, and are sometimes more than 30 feet in length. To make these canoes with the tools at their disposal argues both patience, ingenuity, and perseverance on the part of the natives. As they paddle they frequently

sing ; the director starts them, and repeats the words while the others sing a chorus. The tunes are simple and monotonous, but one wishes they would sing less and row more. Though there is little of beauty in this part of the Zambesi, it is strange and very interesting from the immense reaches, where the river widens out with sandbanks and shallows, the large volume of water that pours down, and the strength of the current. As it was getting dark to-day, the boat ran on a sandbank, while a huge hippopotamus watched us. The crocodiles and mosquitoes are very numerous, and the latter have an unusually painful bite. The water is peculiarly soft and very warm, its temperature at sunrise being 60°. At one spot there were some very hot springs near the bank, tasting strongly of iron. Two of the men gave me a good idea to-day of the "slow length" of native conversation. They had been talking for a long time already when I noticed the narrator paused slightly at the end of every sentence, when his friend said, "Eh." I then counted these sentences, and reached number 217 before the history of some corn and an ox came to an end.

'No one who has not had dealings with the really heathen native can credit what a degradation of humanity they are. To live somewhat intimately among them is the best refutation of the belief that heathen natives are better than Christian, and is the strongest argument for the necessity of raising them.'

After seventy miles down the river the Bishop

landed to walk through fresh country back to his waggon. Some great chiefs were visited on the way, who generally showed a certain amount of interest in hearing of a 'larger Faith,' and wished for teachers. The other incidents of the walk were donkeys dying from the tsetse-fly bites, men down with fever, and some forced marches to reach water. All were



ROCKY VILLAGE, NEAR THE MISSION, THE SCENE OF A GAZA MASSACRE. [*From a Photograph.*

glad when the forty days' walk of 535 miles was over, and the waggon reached. Another large detour was then made to the east and south of Mashonaland; and here it was sad to see the effects of the terror in which these poor peaceable people lived. Their little huts were crowded in among the rocks on the tops of the hills, perched there more

like birds' nests than houses, with difficult little paths, blocked with rocks and walls, leading up to them. All comfort and cleanliness were sacrificed in hope of safety from the Matabele.

The most southerly point was reached at Sipiro's Mountain, where the chief behaved very well ; and as tribute was being collected from him by the Gaza people at the time, he sent to strongly advise the Bishop to remain behind a mountain till the proceeding was over, for fear the Gaza collectors might include him among their vassals.

After four months in the country the pioneer journey came to an end, and, very hopeful as to the future of mission work among the people, the Bishop returned to the Free State. The distance travelled was about 2,500 miles, and the map of the journey was published by the Geographical Society. Nearly all his own men for the journey had been carefully chosen Christian natives. Not a moment's trouble had been caused by any of them ; when others were tipsy, they were sober ; when others grumbled at hardships and privations, they were patient and willing. It was after no summer day's excursion that the Bishop was able to say :

‘ Upon the question of native servants who are not Christian being better than those that are, I can only speak from my own experience. If I had another difficult journey to do I should try to take with me only Christians.’

CHAPTER II.

INTRODUCTION—*continued.*

THE OCCUPATION OF THE COUNTRY.

THE Mashonaland of 1888 passed suddenly away. Africa developed gold fever, growing delirious over the Transvaal and restless everywhere. Men saw nuggets under every ridge, and but one danger—that of others digging them out. Mashonaland sand and Mashonaland quartz had specks of yellow, and the clever and sceptical world of the nineteenth century was as ready as the world of Queen Elizabeth to start for another golden city of Manoa.

Sounder judgment saw wider vistas. The country was high, fever might be stamped out, the rivers were numerous and their clear water ran all the year, the soil was plainly very fertile, and there seemed every hope for a prosperous colony. The Prime Minister of the Cape, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, had learnt from General Gordon to believe in the colonising office of 'God's Englishmen,' and Mashonaland seemed to him a fair country to add to England's landlordship. Very quickly he obtained the concession of mining rights over all the land from the Matabele chief; formed the South African Chartered Company, and sent up their Pioneer force to take possession, which it did with peace and success.

Three clergy accompanied the men as chaplains. One of these, to the great regret of his troop, died from the effects of the climate near Fort Tuli ; another returned ; and Canon Balfour still remains in charge of the police and of Fort Salisbury, having shared all the hardships of the early settlement.

The Pioneers were followed by many others, and the influx of white men made the development of the Church's work a more immediate necessity. The African Bishops constituted Mashonaland into a separate missionary diocese, of which they asked Bishop Knight-Bruce to undertake the charge ; and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, with the quick practical insight that had enabled the work to be begun two years before, granted £1,000 annually for seven years, and Mr. Rhodes gave £500. On this sole support the Mission started forward.

The Bishop gathered together a little party, including some lay workers, three ladies (certificated nurses) who volunteered for work in one of the Company's hospitals, and five excellent native Christians, who were eventually to act as Catechists, their own language being somewhat akin to that of the Mashona.

The first difficulty was how to get themselves into the diocese ; the second, and very far greater one, was how to get in their necessary supplies. Goats, sheep, and Kaffir meal might be obtainable from the natives, or possibly, if the Mission funds were able to afford it, a high-priced cow for milk. But this would be all ; and the native supplies had been heavily taxed and

absorbed by the immigrants of the past year. It is perhaps hard to realise in England what the conditions of life must be in a native country as yet untouched by trade.

There were three routes available: one was the long tedious waggon journey up through Bechuana-land and Matabeleland, that might take any time from two and a half months to five; another was the slightly shorter waggon journey up through the Transvaal, and then on; the third sounded almost European in speed and comfort, with its coast steamer to the mouth of the Pungwé River, its river steamer for fifty miles inland, and then its coaches for passengers and waggons for stores over a road for the remaining 140 miles straight into Mashonaland.

The road was made; the coaches, waggons, oxen, harness all prepared. There seemed in April one difficulty only remaining, namely, the refusal of the Portuguese to give the road in through their possessions, as they held, rightly or wrongly, that the Chartered Company had gravely infringed upon their border, and pushed the boundary of Mashonaland beyond any lawful limit. But, through the wise and just decision of Lord Salisbury, the Portuguese were appeased, and this difficulty was ended.

The first steamer was to go up the Pungwé early in May, and by it the Bishop decided to push into his diocese with his Christian natives and the year's supply of medicines and stores, leaving the nurses under competent care to follow by the next steamer

At this point the Bishop's journal begins ; but, in order to understand all the difficulties that met him, it may be as well to say at once that this route became for the time an utter failure. Men and brains and money were beaten by flies. A belt of country at least sixty miles across, stretching inland from the Pungwé, is haunted by a little insect, brownish-grey in colour, the size of a small horse-fly, with wings crossed over its back, known as the tsetse fly. It lives on game ; when its larder leaves the country the tsetse fly follows, and at present there is no other known deliverance. The most delicate skinned antelope suffers no more from its bite than the thick-hided buffalo, but to any domestic animal it means death. No visible mark is made, but the poor beast withers away, often with all the symptoms of a snake bite, losing strength and flesh, till, if it has not died before, it dies after the first rain. When skinned the flesh shows livid circles round each puncture. Men apparently do not suffer at all, though Mr. Selous believes that in the Zambesi Valley, where the fly swarms, their bites aggravate the attacks of fever. Be that as it may, the tsetse fly worked its wicked will on the Pungwé route, and soon, instead of oxen and waggons, there were waggons and hides.

Carriers were the only remaining hope for the stores and building materials ; but carriers, at least in the Zanzibar sense, hardly exist on this coast. Those employed by the Portuguese are generally

imported, under a contract to work for no one else. There remain the few local natives who can be laboriously collected together, and bribed by high payment to undertake the inland journey.

But though these difficulties must be told, it would be unfair to give the impression either that they are greater than those many another young colony has had to meet, and has met and grown out of, or that the Chartered Company is not doing its utmost for the healthy development of the country. Two clauses in its Charter follow high precedents, and follow them at the cost of profit. One binds the Company to discourage, and by degrees abolish, any system of slave trade or domestic servitude in its territories; the other forbids entirely the sale of intoxicating liquor or spirits to any native.

As for all the rest, the difficulties of this far inland mission must be very great; in many ways far greater than those at home can realise, or those who go through them care to dwell on. But difficulties were never made by Christ into an exceptional clause in His great command, and the claim of the poor Mashona stands on a line with that of the most cultivated European; both are laid alike on every Christian Church whose commission is to 'preach the Gospel to every creature.' England raised a million in a few weeks to work Mashonaland gold, and sent out numbers of men for every available post; how much will England give in prayer and help and dedicated life to work for the Golden Harvest that Angel Hands will garner?

CHAPTER III.

THE BISHOP'S JOURNAL, 1891.

ON May 12th we reached Beira Bay. It is so large that as we steam in we can only just see the mouth of the Pungwé river in the distance. The land looks flat in every direction—indeed the spit of sand on which Beira itself is built looks as if it would disappear under a high tide. There was a delay of three days here, transhipping stores, &c., and then we went up the Pungwé in a small river steamer. It is very broad at its mouth, with mangrove swamps on both sides. The following day we spent on a sandbank, not getting off till the evening, when we went on for a mile and then stuck again, remaining there all night and the next day, which was Sunday. Late in the evening, when nearly every atom of cargo had been removed, we floated off, but stuck twice again.

I went to the two lighters that were following our steamer to try and have Service for the natives on board, but found them being towed along by some fifty men in the water, and the shouting and holloaing made any service impossible. There are about a hundred natives on the lighters going up for road-making in Mashonaland, and their overseers (white men) tell me 'they are an admirable lot,' and I

gathered from their behaviour at our Service together last Sunday that they must nearly all be Christians.

Higher up still, we reached the Portuguese settlement of Nevez Ferreira. I landed, and was most hospitably received by the Portuguese Commandant, who showed me their little hospital, consisting of a long tent and a smaller one, in which I found a man from North Wales whom they had been nursing for some time. He had tried to get into the Manica country with a companion, who died, and he himself was brought back very ill.

Later on a new relay of Portuguese soldiers arrived, and I was surprised at being merely glared at by one of their officers when I saluted him. His arm was in a sling, and then I saw there were other arms in slings, and that the soldiers about all seemed in a very much less friendly mood than in the morning. The new contingent had brought bad news from Massi-Kessi of a fight with the Chartered Company's police a week ago; three of the Portuguese are reported to have been killed, and these are the wounded men.

Orders were sent to our steamer to wait below the village, and our consequent relief was great when we saw the English Vice-Consul from Beira coming up in his boat. After he had seen the Commandant we were allowed to go on to our final point on the river, 'Mpanda's village, but to go no further till instructions came up from Beira. This means a delay of forty-eight hours at least. I was also told the

natives have been forbidden to carry for the English, and that the men I have engaged lower down the river will probably not be allowed to come up.

May 20th.—Here we are, still some distance from 'Mpanda's. I went to have our midday meal with the Vice-Consul.

May 21st.—The first transport boat reached 'Mpanda's and unloaded. I had brought a note up for a white man called L—— who had preceded us, but I found he had died a few days ago; I suppose from fever. It is certainly a fever-stricken place to look at. Towards the morning there is a thick mist rising from the river; the trees and reeds grow down the banks right into the water, and the whole vegetation is rank. The natives have chosen slightly rising ground here and there for their little villages, and near one of these I pitched my tents. The steam launch has come back from Beira, with orders that Major Sapte, carrying instructions from the Governor, is to go on at once, with his companion, so as to give definite orders to the Chartered Company's police to evacuate Massi-Kessi; and that I may go on if I like at my own risk; but that the rest are to remain here.

I can get no carriers, so I shall try to get on without them. I asked my five native Christians if they would carry five light loads, and they were very willing; so during the night I put together some biscuits, a few tins of meat, some clothes, &c., and was ready to start at 5 A.M. Major Sapte had left the day before, and I intended to start with the

Portuguese officer who had been sent up to accompany him, but who was too late to do so. However, this morning his carriers have run away, as they were said to have been beaten, and I found the only one left, a poor creature tied hand and foot with a rope.

Eventually he and I and my natives started with a guide, intending to reach the chief Makanguela. We walked for an hour and a half, and then found that the officer's guide was taking us in exactly the opposite direction, so we made for the nearest place we could, which proved to be the Nevez Ferreira we had passed on our way up the river. The Commandant most kindly fed us, and I then arranged for my men to start the next morning for Makanguela's again, while I and the Portuguese officer went up the river with the luggage in his boat past 'Mpanda's to meet them there.

The natives of this country speak a kind of Zulu, though their habits and character are more like those of the Mashona, but they are not in the least like them in face. Though they live on a river, they certainly don't understand boats as the men did who took me down the Zambesi. As I write we are being punted along by a crew of four, and very feebly are they doing it. However, the Portuguese officer is contented, and he is by way of going up as fast as possible.

May 24th.—Twenty-six hours were we in that boat, and I think that we ran aground at least thirty times. Now we are at Makanguela's,

May 25th.—The five admirable natives have walked here, so they and I with another guide start this morning, leaving the officer to wait for some men to carry him. The grass was very wet, and a long swamp we had to go through was worse. The guide left us when we were on the track for Sarmento, and we walked on till, just as it was growing dark, we came to a native village. The people here were Banzai; they were very hospitable, and gave us two fowls. When I spoke to them they said they had never had a teacher, and afterwards when we had our Prayers they seemed much amused.

May 26th.—Early this morning we reached Sarmento, and found the Portuguese official most polite; he gave me a guide, but could not give carriers as he had given them all to Major Sapte, who had preceded us. We walked for about nine and a half hours with only a very few rests. The men said they could do without cooking food till the evening; but in the great heat and with only a little biscuit to eat they overtasked themselves, and one of them, Bernard, nearly fainted, so I carried his load for the last part of the journey. There is no water at the place where we sleep to-night, but happily we have brought a little with us.

May 27th.—We reached some water this morning after two hours' walking, then two hours further on we caught up Major Sapte, walked all day with him, and slept at a Portuguese camp considerably further on our way. Here I found an Englishman,

said to be dying of fever, who had been twelve days coming here from Sarmento, and had lain out in the woods for two nights before he was picked up, quite delirious, by a Portuguese party. I think if he can be carried down to the Pungwé, and then sent on to Beira and Natal, that he may recover. This has been arranged for. I have strained my left foot, and walking has become very painful. Though we have come a long way since leaving the river, there still seems a great deal of fever, and the official at Sarmento told me it was 'normal.'

As we walk on the whole country is changing. There is still the high grass, sometimes two feet above our heads, which in the narrow footpath when it is very wet in the morning is most annoying; but the dead level of featureless country is left behind, and I begin to recognise the same trees that grow in Mashonaland. The country is practically uninhabited; now and then at great distances apart there are native villages, but everywhere else is this wide sea of grass. The five natives are walking and carrying most admirably, doing long journeys every day.

May 28th.—To-day we have made a very long march. In the middle of the day I was able to hire five carriers, and so relieve my men. We started at 6.15 A.M., and stopped at five in the evening, going very fast and only taking short rests. All the way the ground was steadily rising, and now we seem to have got out of the heavy night mists, and the air is

very different. We have left Major Sapte, and sleep near some bad water to-night.

May 29th.—We started early and walked for about three hours, when suddenly a rifle and a black soldier appeared, and told us to stop. I waved my Portuguese letter to the Commandant at him, as he looked as if he meant to be unpleasant, but after some delay he took us through the sentries to the Major in command at Shemoio's village. The Major was most polite, gave me an excellent breakfast, and a supply of food for me and the men for at least three days. He wanted me to be carried when we went on, but I thought I could still walk, and only engaged six carriers for the loads.

The native carriers are very irritating to deal with, and it is almost impossible to believe that these poor, stupid, noisy, smelling creatures come from almost the same part of Africa as did my five Christian natives, and that Christianity and education have apparently changed them into a different creation. Certainly, if a man can keep his temper with these native carriers he can keep it with nearly anyone.

We met a stream of sick people belonging to the Portuguese going down to the sea, and I heard the whole story of the destruction of Massi-Kessi. The Portuguese here believed the Company's police were there now—seventy miles away; but I had hardly left Shemoio's, and gone through the gardens

(cultivated land) outside the Portuguese settlement, when to our mutual astonishment an officer of the Chartered Company, the Hon. E. Wickham Fiennes, and I came face to face. He was reconnoitring with one of his men, and an attack on the camp which I had just left had been arranged for to-morrow morning. I told him that Major Sapte was coming up with instructions for the Company to retire out of Massi-Kessi, and as this was much to the east of Massi-Kessi, and consequently in Portuguese territory, now that an agreement had been made, he decided not to attack. I was very glad I had walked fast, as the Portuguese camp, except for the officers and a few others, was full of a sickly looking lot of men, who to-morrow morning would probably have been scattered; and as I had just left, laden with their hospitality and kindness, it would have been painful to know they were being attacked by an English police force. We slept at Mr. Fiennes' camp, and I scribbled a note to the Portuguese officer, giving him my word that I did not know of the force being there.

May 30th.—We started very early; and Mr. Fiennes lent me a horse. We had a long, very uninteresting journey all day, and slept near a broad brook. Nearly every night we reach one of the grass 'shelters' put up by Portuguese parties on their road to Massi-Kessi, which are an improvement on the open ground.

May 31st.—We nearly reached Massi Kessi. The

country here is terribly hilly, and the immediate prospect of a road to the Pungwé river seems small. There have been scarcely any villages along the road, but now we see a few huts dotted over the mountains. I found some carriers for to-morrow, as my own men are not fit to carry further, and slept in a native grain-barn, which was a great luxury.

June 1st.—We passed Massi-Kessi this morning, the place where the fight lately took place; it is burnt and empty. I took a boy as a guide and went ahead of the carriers. The road was very beautiful but very steep, and quite impassable for waggons. We went over a pass quite 6,000 feet high, and near it are hollows in which bananas and innumerable wild flowers were growing. In the afternoon we reached the Umtali camp; some of my men stayed behind and slept at a village on the road, as they were too tired to come on.

June 2nd.—Major Sapte arrived. I offered his carriers £2 each and their food to go back to 'Mpanda's and bring up the hospital nurses in chairs and twelve loads of provisions, but they refused; so I sent down a letter by them with instructions in the hope it might be delivered, if the nurses had arrived at 'Mpanda's.

June 5th, Friday.—I held a Service for the men, when the best hut we could find was packed with a congregation of forty to fifty. I was very unwell, and hardly knew what I said. The doctor told me afterwards it was fever, and sent me to bed with quinine.

However, it was a mild attack, as the next morning I could start in a police waggon for Fort Salisbury. It was not a pleasant journey: the oxen were bad and the driver ill.

June 7th, Sunday.—When we stopped at a post hut I gathered nearly all the men for Service. An uncomfortable Sunday ended in a vain attempt to get our poor oxen through the river Odzi. The next day after some difficulty the waggon got through, and we trekked on. Near Massi-Kessi I heard of two men living alone in a hut, one of whom died, while the other was too weak to do more than crawl away from his dead friend to another hut near. They could not be reached at first because the river was in flood, till Mr. Fiennes very bravely swam across and buried the dead man. Poor Pattison, with whom I have stayed when he was a trader in Basutoland, was found dead alone in his hut, in the northern part of Mashonaland. I am very anxious about the nurses, who must be now at 'Mpanda's, and have again sent directions for them to be carried up in chairs. If one could only have foreseen that this advertised line of communication was not to succeed, one would have arranged some very different journey for them, and I would certainly not have come up, leaving our provisions behind at the coast. I offered a man £1 for half a bottle of Elliman's embrocation, but he strongly preferred the embrocation to the £1, as one might be replaced, the other not.

June 10th.—The waggon is too slow to be endured,

so I started to walk the remaining 120 miles to Fort Salisbury, taking one carrier and two of my own natives. We trusted to getting native food on the way, and only took a little coffee, tea, &c., with us. Every twelve miles or so there is a hut where a half-caste or native lives to take care of the oxen for the hoped-for post; we walked eleven miles to one and slept near it. There was not a sign of human life along the road except the grass huts put up by a road party. There is a great chief, Maconi, living about six miles away, where I shall try to put a Mission, and have sent him a message by the trooper, Trevor, who is stationed there. This man takes a great interest in missionary work, and as the chief can understand what he says, this may be a good beginning. The nights are bitterly cold at this height, and the dew is heavy.

June 11th.—We started at dawn, and walked about fifteen miles. Two of the boys were ill and had to rest; while we were waiting, Father Hartman, the Roman Catholic priest from Fort Salisbury, caught us up. At a native's hut on the road I bought eight ship's biscuits for 4s. Then we started by moonlight again, and walked on till nine o'clock; it was beautiful. Thirty miles farther back we could not have done this, as the lions there use the road a good deal, and might have caused trouble, as we had no rifle with us; there we saw the 'spoor' of a very large lion walking towards the waggon. A white man is supposed to have been taken off by lions, and

not far from here another was thrown on the ground by a lion jumping out of the bush at his horse.

June 12th.—We started before sunrise, when it is cold but delightfully fresh, and walked for about twenty miles ; the sand is heavy at times, and later in the day the sun is very hot. We go on over a sandy plain with scarcely a tree, and not very much water, and to-night we are about sixty miles from Fort Salisbury. I never felt so weak during a walk before ; it was the food, I suppose, or the want of it ; so the next day I broke into my handful of sick stores, after which I walked better. We passed the first village of any size on the road, belonging to the chief Morondella. Father Hartman rested in the heat, and I walked on with my natives ; and after we stopped we spent the half-hour before dark in finding water and collecting boughs for shelter. So long as one is alone with the Mashona, there is scarcely anything which they will not do.

June 14th.—We started nearly an hour before sunrise, and met two men with oxen going down to 'Mpanda's to try to fetch up the coaches. They have 300 miles to go, and at least 100 miles of new road to make. Shortly afterwards Father Hartman had an attack of fever, but happily I had quinine with me, so later he was able to walk on. The road went through some bad bogs, but we slept near a beautiful river. The delight of coming to these running streams after a long day's walk in the sun is inexpressible.

June 15th.—We started an hour before sunrise, and reached Fort Salisbury before midday. We had walked the 120 miles (as it is reckoned) in five days, but then we had had four most admirable Mashona to carry our few things for us.

Fort Salisbury is on rising ground, but, I think, too close to a small marsh. It is a collection of huts, chiefly native-built; those for the hospital, for the Administrator, and for the police lie in blocks near each other. About a mile away is a small hill, where the traders live, chiefly in their waggons. I hoped to meet Canon Balfour, but he is very rightly away on a visit to the Europeans who are gold-prospecting on the Mazoe river: and with the ever-moving camps it is hard to provide ministrations for them.

June 16th.—I am delighted to have got here; the Administrator is most kind, and offers me everything I can possibly want for our work. I am arranging with him to have our hospital at Umtali, with our Mission farm up the valley at the back. It seems to be the most perfect place in the country, with, perhaps, the least fever: a good centre of a very large native population, probably close to future gold-camps and a white settlement, and nearest to the sea, and therefore in the future most convenient for the transport of all necessaries. Indeed, the future of the Mission, under God's blessing, seems, by a concurrence of circumstances, to be opening unexpectedly brightly, considering the difficulties around. There were 52 inches of rain during the wet season this year.

On going to visit the hospital I met Canon Balfour at a cross-path, coming back from the Mazoe river. He is very well, in spite of his year of hardships.

June 17th.—The English mail went, so I sent a short report to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. In the evening I went through the hospital, and found our waggon-driver from Umtali down there with fever. I had a long talk with Canon Balfour on starting a Mission at Unyamwenda's, a large native chief about sixteen miles from here ; he and his people had received me very well three years ago, and promised to build a house for a teacher when one came.

June 18th.—Mr. Borrow has very kindly lent me the only available horse he has, and I have had to buy another, a salted one. The price is terrible, but a horse is a necessity if I am to do much work during the next few months in the way of visiting the chiefs, arranging places for our Missions, finding timber, labour, &c., for the buildings. There are only seven months to be reckoned on for work in the year ; the other five are the rainy season, when little can be done. Every day now is of the greatest importance to get huts up, sites chosen, wood and grass for the thatch brought in before November.

I visited the hospital, seeing a poor man—the last of a party of three. One died on the road up, one died in hospital, and he is going back as soon as possible. Spent the evening with Major Forbes,

arranging my journey back to Umtali round by the great chiefs of the district.

June 19th.—Arranged with Canon Balfour that he should visit three more great chiefs beyond Unyamwenda's, I guaranteeing every expense and promising £25 for an interpreter out of our funds. Then went to the hospital, and found there a man who has his wife in the country; the poor thing has had fever on and off for four months. Another man had ridden in on a donkey, doing thirty miles in thirteen days.

The kindness of the officers and of the officials of the Chartered Company here is delightful beyond words. No news has been heard from the coast since we came up.

Sunday, June 21st.—Holy Communion and Service at eleven. Canon Balfour has built an excellent little church with trees, mud, and thatch; there were a fair number of people. At three o'clock I had Service at the traders' camp, about a mile away; and another at the hospital at 4.30. In the evening I joined Canon Balfour for Service in his hut at eight o'clock, when a few faithful ones were present.

June 22nd.—I had intended to start very early, but there was more to arrange than I expected, and by the time I could get off I had fever, and the doctor sent me to 'bed.' It has been most happy that both my fever attacks have been at camps where there was a hut to go to.

June 23rd.—I started as soon as I could in the

morning, and went on till an hour and a half after sunset. With me are two of my Christian men, three carriers, and two horses. We slept with a delightful native at a station. He is one of Khame's men from Bechuanaland.

June 24th.—One of my men is too ill with fever to move; so after giving him as much quinine as I dared, I left him with a further supply of it, and of money with the man to send him on when possible. Certainly sitting on a horse in a blazing sun with a bad head for nine hours seems to make one conscious of one's own weakness and the length of a day, and not till sundown did we reach a village. It was Undzi's—one of the most picturesque in the country, rising from a swamp; but on the dry side banana trees are growing, and the heap of rocks there are one mass of huts and trees. I remembered the doctor's advice in choosing places for Missions: 'Beware of picturesque sites.' The dirt was great. I went as high as I could above their houses, and crawled through a hole into their kind of fortress, but in the dirt it was difficult to find a spot to lie down on. I bought food for the men and horses, and told the chief what I came for; but their interest in me ceases after one has bought all one wants.

June 25th.—We passed a village where there had just been a fight. It is characteristic that three women, but only two men, had been wounded; but I believe that if these Mashona could have judicious rule, and were educated by Christianity out of their

slavish qualities of lying and cowardice, and some add thieving, they would make a very intelligent nation. They have never stolen anything from me; but this evening, on reaching Maguendi's village, where two troopers live, they told me their things had been taken. The thief had escaped, but the chief, on being appealed to, had taken the man's wife and family. This is not so terrible a hostage as might be supposed. I passed a village a short way back where a man had had two wives taken by the Matabele, but he did not feel it very severely. We are now coming back to the hilly country, and find a village which is as pretty to look at as it is dirty. I told the people a teacher would come to them. When we got to the post station at Maguendi's, I sent a message and a present to the chief. He sent word that he would come tomorrow morning with his headmen. There are a large number of villages round under this chief. There is the dearest little Mashona boy here, who gives one hopes of the whole people, and visions of a Mission filled with boys before they have learnt much from their own race. These Mashona have, I am sure, the makings of a very superior people in them, but every noble quality seems to have been crushed by their long state of terror under the Matabele raids.

The height of this hill I make to be 4,800 feet. The native village is still higher, a long way from the river; but to live among the rocks the Mashona will sacrifice even a good water-supply.

June 26th.—Maguendi sent a message to say he

had a bad leg, so I went to see him. Our interview lasted nearly two hours; he expressed himself very glad to have a teacher, and called out his head wife to hear the news.

We arranged that I should build a hut and keep a teacher—European or native—here. Then he wanted to send a message to the Queen. It was somewhat as follows:—

‘Maguendi is very sorry, but he is too old to go and see the great Queen. Maguendi would like to send the great Queen an ox or a cow.’

Poor chief! Again, as I was leaving, he asked when he should send the ox to the great Queen.

The trust of these native races in the unknown English Queen seems inborn: it is very touching, and fills one, as the trust of a child does, with a wish to respond rightly to their faith.

Maguendi lives on a mountain, about three-quarters of a mile in length. When I left him I climbed about it for some time trying to choose a site for a Mission, but saw nothing sufficiently near to water. Eventually I settled on a small plateau among the rocks, facing the setting sun, sheltered from the wind, with a most beautiful view over the brook at the bottom, and very high. This should be as free from fever as any place; so I roughly surveyed a piece of ground near the plateau, so that, should the chief's power ever be taken away, and this country be made into farms, the Mission would have this land, which could be a

kind of Reserve for the natives. It has been a hard day's work, but the success has been delightful, and I arranged to have one large Mission hut built for three pieces of calico and some beads.

In the evening I had prayers with one of the troopers, who had been ill with fever; the other one has been down all day with a relapse of fever, and next morning I confirmed him, and then travelled on till after sunset. We were happy in getting good food on the road. There are some hills near here, on which natives live, that are almost perfect ready-made fortresses; but neither these nor their artificial fortifications seem to have saved the Mashona, when the attack came, from the Gaza or Matabele raids.

June 29th.—We reached the police huts early; they are four miles from the chief Maconi. We seem to have done nearly fifty miles in two days and a bit. Frank, the native left behind with fever, had rejoined us by a Scotch cart. The trooper here, Trevor, has done remarkably well in giving my message to the chief, and speaking to him about it. He and his people have since been going through some heathen rite to ascertain whether or no they ought to receive a teacher. To-night Maconi sent a message to say he was sending me an ox as a present.

June 30th.—We went up early to try and find Maconi sober, but were disappointed. The village is large and dirty, and the path to his quarter winds about among rocks and huts. We found about

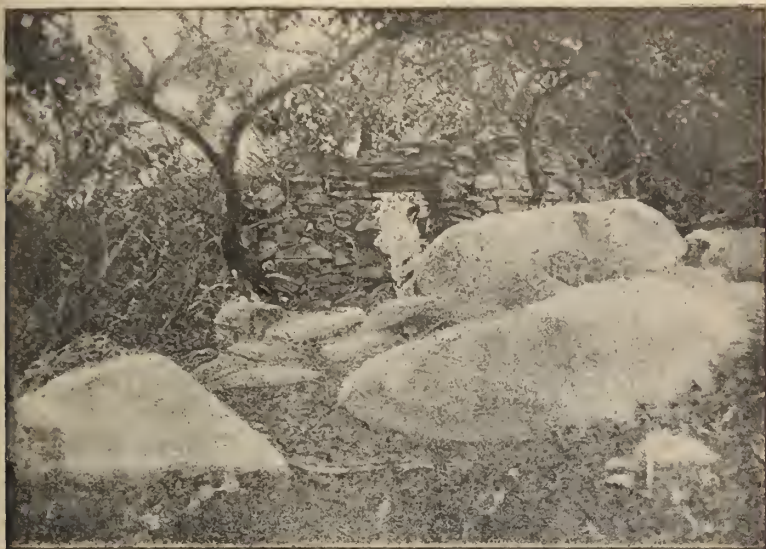
thirty of the chief men collected round him, and I explained what I wanted to do. But after a great deal of noise we found that nothing satisfactory could be done, and we left. I proposed building a hut about four miles from here, as there are many villages around where a catechist could visit the people, and I mapped out a piece of ground for a future Mission here, when the chief should change his mind, or a different *régime* begin. We walked for nearly three hours, but were not much pleased with any special site. I left Bernard, one of my catechists, to go back to Maguendi's, and Frank, another, to stay near here, giving them all the barter goods that could be spared to provide their food with. It is the day of small things, but missionary work with two important chiefs has been at least begun, and will accomplish what God wills it should.

I left the chief's ox as food for my men, and rode on with three Mashona towards Umtali, about fifty-five miles away. We passed many villages and many suitable sites, so if things don't go on well at Maconi's we can change our position.

We slept in a little grass hut, taking precautions against lions, which have done a good deal to annoy people about here. Next day we went on about twenty miles to the Odzi river, which is the division between Mashonaland and Manicaland.

July 2nd.—A mist covered the river, which changed into sunshine on the high ground. Further on two men from the coast told us that our three

nurses had arrived at 'Mpanda's from Durban, and were doing excellent work, and that another doctor had been sent up from one of H.M. ships at Beira, as Dr. Wilson was ill. The nurses were only waiting for carriers to come on, but these seemed hard to get, one of the two men telling me that



FORTIFICATIONS OF MASHONA VILLAGE, NEAR THE MISSION.

[*From a
Photograph.*]

seven carriers from 'Mpanda's had cost him £21. Gladly would people here give a shilling a yard for barter calico worth twopence. Of the two last waggons sent here with provisions from Fort Salisbury one upset in the river Rusarpe, and much was spoilt. The waggons that ought to have brought my provisions have not arrived, but I can get my

'rations' from the Company here, though one does not like touching their stores.

Mr. Fiennes and I went and looked at a place for a hospital; then, going on further, we were most successful in finding a site for our central Mission station, that seemed to combine all requirements: very high, facing west, well exposed to the wind, with water close, not stagnant water, but water in the form of a fast running stream that can hardly breed malaria, with a most lovely waterfall, beautiful to look at and excellent to turn a water-wheel, so that in the future our own sawing, grinding, and pumping could be done by it. Behind all this a large area will make admirable arable land, I think, with excellent nooks for cattle, and an abundance of timber for our house-building and firing. The place is about two miles from the present camp.

July 4th.—I set men to work at the Mission station moving poles and reeds, cutting grass for thatching, and found a place where bricks for the walls could be made.

A trader came up from M'Panda's with thirty bearers and things to sell. The men are delighted. He brought me a letter from our nurse in charge, Miss Blennerhasset, written bravely in the best of spirits. She and the other two nurses are all very hard at work: as they must be if a collection of Europeans stays in one camp at such a spot on an East African river. Wilkins, our carpenter, seems valuable. Some one writes about him: 'He nurses

the sick, builds huts for people, everyone goes to him about everything—he is the most splendid fellow.’ I am very thankful to hear all this.

One of my Christian men is very ill with fever and pneumonia, and we are nursing him up, and I hope he is getting better. He is a dear boy. It is curious that a native from another country is almost as liable to fever when it is prevalent as a European would be.

July 5th, Sunday.—We had a very quiet and happy service with the police and others. Many men, unfortunately, go out ‘gold prospecting’ on Sunday as their free day, and this and other causes lead to a smaller attendance than one would wish. When men have cut themselves off for some time from all religious influence, it seems to be most difficult for them in these wild countries to regain the habit of keeping Sunday.

July 7th.—I am building huts as quickly as possible, so as to get shelter for the Mission workers before the rainy season comes on. I wish one knew more about this fever; no one seems quite to know how relative heights affect it, or whether a site 4,700 feet high, with a swamp close under it on the plateau, is more or less healthy than another only 3,800 feet high, but with the nearest swamp 1,000 feet below.

I went with Mr. Fiennes to see Umtasa, the native chief of all this part of the country. He lives twelve miles away, with a long climb on foot up to his town,

which is all among rocks, and defended by one stockade after another. I sent him my present, and after he had received it, and had time to put on his reception clothes, I saw him. What I wanted was to gain his approval of our being in his country; and after explanations he gave this fully and in the presence of his headmen, which was important, as this makes it a far more formal, or, as we should say, authoritative sanction; nothing could have been more satisfactory. I then alluded to a teacher living in or near his town; this was a new idea to him, and he naturally wished for time to think over it, but his manner gave me no doubt that with a little time and patience we shall gain our point. At any rate we are settled in his country by his goodwill, and, please God, the rest will come.

This is the third beginning of a Mission made, one at each of the largest chiefs between here and Fort Salisbury. So I rode home contented, and borrowed two candles, a most valuable concession on the part of the lender, to allow me to get on as quickly as I could with work in connection with the survey of the ground that I want for the Mission.

If I could only hear of my waggon coming up through Bechuanaland and getting near Mount Wedza I would go and meet it, and arrange for a fourth centre near Wedza, as a large mass of Mashona live there, and to the south, where I have been before.

I am staying meanwhile in a hut belonging to Mr. Moody and Mr. Campion, not quite a mile from

the camp. Mr. Moody, by the way, was reported dead of fever, but came in last night. Mr. Campion said that one of his oxen had been killed by lions about sixteen miles on the other side of the Odzi river, and that they had then retired among the rocks.

There are ten Mashona now under Tom, one of my Capetown men, hard at work building the huts and collecting thatch for our large Mission building. I hope soon to have a hut up near the spot, so that I can be there.

Sunday, July 12th.—I had service at the camp in the morning, and with Mr. Campion, my host, and the Christian natives in the evening. I told the Mashona who are working for us that they need not work to-day; however, they went off and worked for some one else, so they did not have their day of rest. A belief in spirits seems to be the most prominent feature of their religion. Near our huts is a village where all the people are said to have been killed in one of the Gaza raids, and the ordinary native will not go into it.

July 14th.—I was superintending the thatch and brick-making when a native runner came up to say the nurses and Dr. Glanville were near. They soon appeared, terribly tired, with boots and clothes much the worse for the journey, having walked the whole 140 miles—though it is usually reckoned much more—with only four carriers for a great part of the way, so that they have but little with them. They are full of courage and good spirits, in spite of

the hardships and difficulties they have been surrounded by during the thirteen days of their journey up from 'Mpanda's. It is a most remarkable performance, and will probably meet with more recognition in the future than it does now. In Africa there seems to be too strong a tendency to self-advertisement to allow any unadvertised work to be much recognised. Mr. Campion and Mr. Moody at once had the nurses up to their huts, and we all did what we could. I am afraid our best was bad. Two of them had to sleep on cut grass piled on the mud floor; still it was probably far better than anything they had slept on for some time.

The officers and police sent them milk. I little knew, when the engagement was made with the Company to give them 'rations,' how great their value would be. I took a very long walk to gain information for the Mission, and the men are all working well. The supply of food among the natives seems to be very limited. There is considerable difficulty in always having enough for our men.

July 17th.—Miss Blennerhasset has had an attack of fever, and I have a slight one to-day; but the next day I rode over to the 'works,' where the bricks are turning out admirably, though the moulds were made out of packing-cases, and they seem so hard from the effects of baking in the sun that they scarcely need burning.

Nobody who has not been here can quite understand how every plan is thrown out by our having

scarcely any tools to work with. Gladly would I give £10 for two bricklayer's trowels.

Sunday, July 19th.—I went to the camp and visited nearly all the men's huts before service; it was a particularly good one, and the one hymn we ventured on was very well sung. I had service for the nurses and my men up here at our huts in the afternoon. The first element of Christianity that the Mashona seem to appreciate is that they need not work on Sunday. Tom, one of my Christian natives, is trying to teach them something to-day. A poor Frenchman, very ill, and carried in a hammock, was brought in here, his carriers refusing to go on to his friend's hut, but we arranged it for him. I grow more and more thankful that I made my journey of exploration three years ago, when one had the country almost to oneself and with most of the things one wanted.

I was so sorry to hear that Harrison, who gave me £6 towards the hospital, was ill on his way to the Pungwé river. He had, too, most kindly lent us his tent while the nurses had the hut.

July 22nd.—A man brought in a cow last night from Umtasa's, but as he wanted four pieces of calico for it, and I had not much more left in hand to pay and feed my men with, I had to let the animal go.

To-day we began blasting stone for the foundations of the house; nothing else, probably, will resist the heavy tropical rains. There are about twenty men now making bricks. I have been most fortunate in getting natives to work for me, though I can't pay

them much. They require constant supervision, not because they wish to cheat one, but it is impossible for them to understand the value of time.

July 24th.—The hospital huts are going up fairly well. I had a long talk with Samuel (one of the native Christians) to-day, and arranged to take him and Tom to start a new Mission among the Mount Wedza people. Mount Wedza lies about fifty miles from this, and I was delighted to find both men so eager to begin there. I cannot be too thankful for the excellence of my Christian natives.

July 25th.—All the work going on well. Mr. S. arrived with carriers and some of the nurses' luggage. He is to come to live with me at the Mission Camp, and work for us in exchange for his food.

I am told that candles are selling for 15s. a packet in camp, and calico (presumably, the usual $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ a yard barter stuff) at 2s. a yard. This can only be temporary, as calico is the staple payment for all work done, except for the few men paid in gold; but as gold is practically impossible to be got here, and as all our own tools are lying still in their cases at 'Mpanda's, and we have to buy what we can at high prices or borrow, some idea of the difficulties to be worked under may be imagined.

The incessant difficulty of feeding the men, and of getting them to have their food at the same time, of keeping them from wasting half the day, with their dread of cold weather, and their reverence, as a rule, for nothing but force, make the founding of a

Mission in such a country as this a difficult undertaking.

It is painful how the Mashona character plays into the hands of all advocates of violence, for being slaves at heart and cowards, they will so often do through fear what they will do from no other motive. One of the gentlest men in the country was lately so derided by his carriers, who would do nothing, that at last, when one huge native threatened him and drove him to desperation, he knocked him down and beat him with a thick stick. Immediately every load was readily carried, and perfect peace and order reigned. I am afraid the quickest way to gain a point is so obviously by the policy of force that at times one can hardly wonder at a certain class of white men resorting to it; of course in the end it only demoralises the poor creatures more and more, and puts off their moral, not to speak of their spiritual education farther than ever. In their present state the only power they seem really to respect is brute force; therefore, probably, the rougher the white man they are dealing with is, the greater 'lord' they imagine him to be, though they may prefer working for the gentler master. Forgiveness is nothing to them but a confession of weakness, and they can't help feeling a certain respect for anyone who knocks them down with a stick. As to gratitude, they have no word in their language for 'thank you.' I always allow it is hard to exercise the firmness, that will prevent their taking one's

payment for little or no work done, without being forced over the line into violence. A missionary must have a strong belief in Christianity and in the ultimate power of love to keep on his own lines.

If justly treated, in course of time the natives in their curious way appreciate kindness. But while they do not, it is impossible to deny that, to gain a



MASHONA MAKING BRICKS FOR THE MISSION.

[*From a
Photograph.*]

temporary end, with a slave race force may be effective, but at our hands it lowers the people more and more. One can see, however, how educating to the character of the Israelites the training and punishments of the wilderness must have been ; but these were inflicted with infinite wisdom and love, and it is certainly not for us, their poor fellow-sinners, to take the law into our hands. But,

indeed, we may be well content with the progress which the native character makes under Christianity to-day.

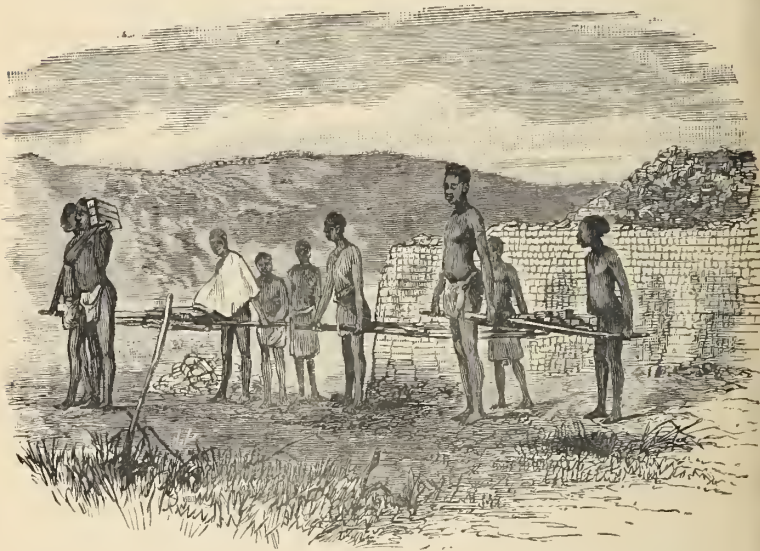
The brutality of some of the white men seems to be very great. One man allowed, apparently without shame, that he killed a native in the Transvaal by hitting him with a brick, and I have heard many other painful stories. All this is one of the great difficulties we have when we try to give the natives any respect for the white man's religion; and it will be hard work for any missionary to make way against the dead weight of the ideas and actions of the lower moral stratum of the European population in Africa.

I had another service for the nurses and men in the afternoon, and then walked out to the Mission camp. Mr. Champion came with me, and was surprised at our progress, saying he had never imagined before that so much work would be done before the rains. Early in the week Mr. S. and I moved up to live on our Mission site. It is raining and very cold. Cows are constantly going past to be sold in the camp, but we can't afford them, as the natives want either gold or calico, and what I have is going at a terrible pace, and everything must come second to feeding our workers and getting up buildings.

The traders who walk up seem to make drink a large factor in their stores. When some of our luggage came in, full of hope, I opened one bag that ought to have contained food. A tern rag only

appeared inside. 'What is it, Charlie?' Charlie, laconically, 'Rats.'

But in spite of all it is a very interesting scene, with a future in the background that may be, by God's guidance, infinitely fruitful. Just now all the different little gangs are at work, one thatching a large hut close to mine; another, about 200 yards



MASHONA CARRYING BRICKS FOR THE MISSION.

[From a
Photograph.

away, blasting and moving rock, taking out really splendid pieces of granite; and though the trouble is very great, this stone foundation may stand when anything else would be washed away. On the rise beyond, the native thatch-carriers are continually moving up and down, tying up and carrying away the grass, as the cutters supply them; under the hill

the brick-making is going on. Certainly, some of these coast natives have either seen brick-making before or have fallen into it very quickly. The Mashona have learnt after some trouble to tread the clay and lay out the bricks. But the most characteristic scene is when the work is over, and they all gather round their half-dozen fires in the evening; to-night they are in specially good temper, as no food could be bought for them, and I had to give them some of my meal. They are giving a good English day labourer's work, beginning at about 6.30 A.M., with an hour for food at eleven, and working on till sunset.

August 1st.—A cold drizzly day, and the men don't like working, but they keep on very well. They make little songs and sing them as they work; this was the chorus of one: 'Ikona chikogo, maninge makaza' (We have no coat, and it is very cold).

August 2nd.—Holy Communion in my hut with S. and the three natives. Another drizzling cold day. I walked to the camp for the eleven o'clock service, and administered the Holy Communion there a second time. I found a good many relapsed cases of fever.

August 4th.—I got a great concession from Um-tasa's men this morning. After saying they liked me and would do the work I wished, they began to call me 'Umfundisi' (teacher) instead of 'lord,' which is a great improvement.

I am very anxious to get off to the western and southern chiefs, but must wait till provisions of some

kind come up, and especially some barter goods to buy food with.

August 6th.—There was great excitement round the camp fires to-night over the new moon; the men have been watching for it eagerly, and it was curious to see one elderly gentleman of the tribe leaving the groups round the fire to jump up on to a rock and address the moon. After an apparently eloquent speech he threw a stone vigorously towards the slender crescent in the deep blue above our heads, and then solemnly jumped down again. I had hoped the day was over, but the new moon ushered in a whole train of trouble that one trusts may pass away soon.

A note came in by some post-runners to say our catechist Frank is very ill at Maconi's, and that the medicine there is exhausted. He seems to have been doing admirably, building two huts, and getting on well with the natives. Two boys have been sent to him by their father to be taught, and both old and young are very anxious to hear what he has to say. As this report is from a trooper quartered there it is certainly reliable. The good account of his success is a great relief, and more than could ever have been expected after my rather stormy interview with Maconi. Under God's blessing the success that seems to be attending all the missionary work is an intense pleasure, and cannot be cancelled even by the continual anxiety and worry caused by the news of some false step.

August 7th.—I sent Tom and a very good coast boy, who speaks Seshuna perfectly, to the great chief here, Umtasa, with a message about my building a church there. At present we have more native food brought to us for sale than we can stow away, but the men bringing it must not be discouraged, though we have almost come to our last yard of calico. At the camp they often send to the villages to buy. I am reduced by dirt to offer 5s. a bar for common soap, but I cannot get it. Wilkins, who has been bringing up the Mission stores from 'Mpanda's, came in to-night. The men who engaged to bring them started with seventy oxen, and little more than half-way here the last of them were dying or dead from tsetse fly.

To-day Captain Heany wrote, saying that a Diggers' Fund for the hospital here was being raised among the men, and that he expected a fair sum from it. This is a great comfort, as it may enable the nurses to have some decent arrangements made, and to have appliances of a rough kind brought for the hospital from the coast. A few days afterwards I was very ill from something; I am told that it was another attack of fever, and that I ought to leave the country, but I think that a much too serious view is taken of it.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BISHOP'S JOURNEY TO THE SOUTHERN TRIBES.

THE work was now going on fairly well, and as a reliable man could be left in charge, the Bishop decided to start at once to visit the chiefs to the west and south ; so the little party, consisting of the Bishop, two natives, and carriers, left Umtali and reached Chikangas village.

August 21st.—As I was starting early to go and see the chieftainess, living as usual on a hill, I met her coming to meet me. She is a daughter of our great chief, Umtasa, and is very quiet and gentle. I spoke to her about our teaching, and my wish to put up a teacher's hut in her village ; but to this she replied that the white men beat her people. I then explained that there were two kinds of white men. She said she understood that. If she does, it is a rare thing, as the ordinary native certainly does not ; but then neither do we, as a rule, recognise the same fact with regard to them. We speak of native character as though individuality and class did not exist among them as among Europeans. I asked if she would not like to hear some of our Christian teaching ; she looked at me for a minute, and then said gently, 'If you do not start soon, you

will not reach the next village before dark.' We had some more conversation, and she gave me a guide to take me on to the next chief, Inya-foumbi. He was about fourteen miles away, and by the noise as we came near the village we gathered that a 'beer-drinking' was going on. The drink is made from Kafir corn, and can be made very strong, though cool and not unpleasant in taste. The concoction may be different, but the results are much the same as they would be at home. A 'beer-drinking' is a serious ceremony; it is announced for a certain day, when all the natives near crowd into the village, and the great pots of beer are brought out by the women. The wretched scene goes on all day and night; the men, and in some places the women, drink to stupefaction, then sleep, then wake to drink again, till sometimes horrible results ensue. When one is told of the superiority of the heathen to the Christian native, and of the advantages of leaving missionary work alone, such scenes as this come into one's mind, and one thinks of the numberless faithful converts who concerning these things 'have put off the old man.'

August 22nd.—It rained in the night, and was a miserable morning. I saw the chief last night, but he came again this morning to say he would willingly have a teacher in his village himself, but he must know first what the head chief, Chikodora, thought of it. We parted on very good terms, packed up our few possessions, and walked on about

five miles to the Odzi river. It is a large, rapid river, about seventy yards wide at the ford where we crossed it, but fairly shallow, and we walked through more easily than we expected.

About mid-day we reached Mazikana's village, five miles farther on, and found him an old and very polite man, immediately giving us a fowl and meal. I gave him a present, a rug, and we began the usual conversation that always ends in the same way, namely, that if the head chief wishes it he will receive a teacher. I went on with very pleasant impressions of the old gentleman, and we began a really beautiful walk through rocks, valleys, and gorges until about sunset we reached Chinoouta's village. He, too, was most polite, and we talked about our Mission. Afterwards he sent down the largest pot of native beer that I have seen, and I allowed my men to have it, as they are having very hard work now and very little to eat, and to-day have walked nearly eighteen miles.

August 23rd, Sunday.—We started by the first light of a damp cold morning, as I feel anxious to reach the head chief, Maranki, as quickly as possible. All the promises of his under-chiefs to accept teachers are conditional on his consent. On our way we stopped at Muteti's village, another sub-chief, and there was some delay while he was being fetched to see me, but we had then a very satisfactory interview. He brought a present of meal and I gave him one of calico. After the Mission had been thoroughly

explained to him he seemed glad to go back to his fires, while we started again.

Presently we had one of the many diversions provided by this mode of travel. One of the donkeys ran away with his load into the rather thick bush which our path was going through. This is very amusing to watch when food is plentiful, but when almost one's whole supply for a fortnight is disappearing the joke seems a sad one. However, after a long delay and much running about of the men, we got him back, and went on to Mapa's village—the last one before we reach the head chief, Maranki. I had my own talk and explanation with Mapa as to the Mission there, but then began the usual delay and waste of time, they wishing me at first to remain there while Maranki was told of my arrival, and then to go round a great hill to a certain Induna who would announce me. [Each of the great chiefs is supposed to have an Induna, or headman, whose special business it is to announce strangers.] I insisted on going straight, when they said there was no road and no water; however, we found both, and encamped in peace about mid-day under his town. We had walked between thirteen and fourteen miles, and were glad of a quiet afternoon. Maranki upset my plan for a long talk to-day with him and his people by sending to say he would come to see me early to-morrow. A little time to oneself is very welcome, as one gets none on a journey of this kind when one is head of

the party. Getting the men up, seeing the donkeys are fed and their packs properly put on, getting away from the village, arranging for food, fitting in the travelling habits of the Mashona with those of the donkeys, finding guides, seeing chiefs, answering the foolish objections they make to showing one the road, trying to get a direct answer to any question, and generally overcoming hour after hour the native faculty for wasting time in its exquisite perfection: these, besides the day's walk, tend to exhaustion towards the evening.

One great comfort is that my men do not leave me, and we get on; so I cannot be too thankful, and thank Him continually who prospers our going, and any little drawbacks and annoyances ought not to be remembered.

August 24th.—After sunrise Maranki came down to our little camp with a large following, all delightfully wild, with bows and arrows and a few old guns. Having come a long way to see him, and wishing keenly to have all his country open to our Mission, I was rather nervous as to our interview. I went a short way to meet him, and brought him back to my camp; he and his headmen sat round in a semicircle, and we had a very long conversation. Maranki is a very nice-looking man, diffident and gentle. It was touching to see how he felt the necessity of having to yield to the authority of the white man in the future; but he did it so graciously that one felt every benefit that could be brought

by Christianity to him and his people was only their due. His only objection to a teacher was the usual one: 'that his people were too old to learn'; but afterwards he seemed to wish to have one. To give him plenty of time to talk it over with his men, I offered to walk back with him up to his town, which is on a high steep hill. It was a hot day and a long climb, but we were able to talk as we went along. Quite soon, without his being pressed (which I do not find a good plan), he said that when a teacher came he would look after him. It seems a simple sentence, but it meant that our teachers would be accepted by him and by all the inferior chiefs in his country. He is quite one of the nicest men I have had to deal with; his people are Mabotcha, and from a missionary point of view seem most hopeful. They make really beautiful blankets out of bark, and the chief had quite the best-made native knife that I have seen. The town itself has all the picturesqueness and dirt of the hill villages, perched high up among rocks. The women saluted me in the same way as some others seventy miles away to the north-west did three years ago: one prolonged loud note is uttered, while the hands are moved quickly in front of the mouth to cause vibration.

We left with a guide to the next village, on our way to a chief whom I had not heard of before. On the road we saw a headman, who listened to two sentences of what I told him and then walked away,

as if any conversation about a God was too foolish to listen to. Altogether, we walked about ten miles, and reached a village belonging to a chieftainess, M'pomwa, where we stayed for the night, but as she was sick and away I could only leave a message for her.

August 25th.—As we went on walking to-day it did not require an aneroid to tell us we were getting on low ground. The night had been very hot, and the condition of the country became the same as in the Zambesi valley: here is the agate ground, the mopani and the baobab trees taking the place of the others on the high ground, the same birds, the scorching sun and thirst, with water only at intervals. Before breakfast we went about fourteen miles along the watershed of the Sabi and Odzi rivers; saw one chief on the way, and stopped at Darokaso's village, who is chieftainess, and daughter of Tsago, to whom we are going. Her husband came to see us, brought a present, and said that he would receive a teacher and feed him well. This is all very satisfactory; but we are getting very low, and shall soon be out of the possibility of a European living, and the air is close and muggy even here. The insects are most curious: one is quite indistinguishable to the naked eye from a piece of stick until it moves, and the four little legs are stuck into the thin round body exactly as in a child's wooden horse.

We went on about five miles to Tsago's village. The chief came to look at us and then went away,

but presently sent down some native beer, we shouting up at the huts on the hill that we wanted to buy food.

August 26th.—The chief came very early, behaving very quietly and intelligently, and we exchanged presents. His people laughed when I spoke to them about God and a future life, which they seem to think very amusing, though on the whole the interview was satisfactory, as the chief said he was glad to see me and would be glad to have teachers.

He gave a guide, and we loaded up and started, plunging into a sea of mountains. When next we changed guides the chief himself came as one, which was an advantage in many ways. Having been accepted by Maranki, the paramount chief, I am now passed on with every courtesy. [The tribal organisation is very peculiar and strong, the chief having an undefinable power, which does not seem to be great on the surface, but yet must be recognised by those working in the country if they wish to be received by the whole tribe.]

The path from the hills led us lower and lower, till we got into a thick haze that hid everything at a distance. There were numbers of trees unknown to the Mashona uplands, and among them the yellow fever tree, believed only to grow in malarial districts. We went through a mass of hills, as much on the flat as possible, and almost due south on our way to Gundyanga's country. The gardens cultivated here by the people are immense; they work the ground

in a most systematic way, and from their knowledge of the climate and soil to be dealt with probably produce more than Europeans would do without long practice.

By continually thanking them for every civility the natives begin to use to me in return the only expression of thanks they have, 'I praise you,' but their way of thanking by action is to scrape the ground with their feet alternately and very quickly. Clapping the hands is the action further north. It is extraordinary how far nicer they are when they have not had to do with a low kind of Europeans. If only these countries could be colonised by a high-minded set of Englishmen, what an unspeakable difference it would make in the education and in the whole future existence of the natives!

We stopped to-day at Mazombè's, and slept near water. There were clumps of fan palms all round.

August 27th.—It was raining when we started, almost before sunrise, and walked on to Chiadzua's village, where we found a clump of natives sitting round a fire. At first no one would show me which was the chief, but after a time the man himself got up, saying he did not think he ought to hide from the white man, and saluted me. He was delightful, very good-looking, and intelligent. He brought us a big pot of 'leting' for the men, which is really admirable food for them now when they are walking hard and do not have breakfast till after the first

walk of ten miles or so. [Leting is a form of mild native beer, made from Kafir corn, and very nourishing.]

The chief seemed very pleased to hear of the teachers coming, and both the country and the people were far more interesting than in the north. They make the best baskets here that I have seen: the workmanship is really beautiful. They also use poisoned arrows and fire-sticks. [Fire-sticks are two dry pieces of wood from one particular tree; they are rubbed together till sparks are obtained.] The women all came down to see us pass.

The region of tall palm trees has begun, and the baobab trees are immense; one I tried to measure, pacing it round as close to the trunk as possible, and making it 70 feet. [The baobab tree bears a melon-shaped fruit containing cream of tartar; its trunk is immense in girth, but very short. Near villages pegs are found stuck into the wood by which the natives climb up to reach the fruit, which they believe in very much, both as medicine and food.]

Chiadzua gave us two guides—they prefer going in pairs on account of the lions—and we walked on to the Sabi river. It was a broad sandy stream where we reached it, and some natives were distilling salt. They have a kind of funnel-shaped basket, which they fill with the earth they find impregnated with salt, and they then apparently pour water on till the

soil is washed through the basket-work and the salt crystals remain.

While we had our food one of the guides told us how the Batonga people skin their dogs, and fill the skin with moistened meal, which is tightly tied up and left to ferment until the whole skin is strained, when they look on it as a dainty dish ready to be cut in slices and eaten.

About mid-day we crossed the Odzi river close to where it joins the Sabi, and with the help of some squatting natives we found Gundyanga's village. The entrance is hidden and protected by a kind of labyrinth of bush and trees, through which the narrow path winds in and out. Not a person was to be seen when we went in; they had all run away. Presently the chief appeared, and said he was very poor, and that Gungunyan had raided on him and killed his people. He was very polite, and stayed at our camp for two or three hours, and I had a long talk with him about our Mission. He gave me a goat, and I gave him a blanket. He is the paramount chief of the Gumbu people, and very intelligent people they seem to be. All this part of the country, too, is very beautiful, nearly flat, and one immense jungle. I was choosing the graveyard of the village for our sleeping-place, when they told me what it was. This is the only instance of a native graveyard that I have seen in Africa. At one place they bury their chief by putting him in a hut, which they fill up with pieces of meat; the whole hut

is left alone for some months, when all that is left inside is taken to a cave, and the idea is maintained that the chief never dies.

Though we have had our longest walk of all to-day, and two interviews with chiefs, yet we are not nearly as tired as usual, because there has been no sun.

August 28th.—The chief came again early to say he would certainly receive our teachers, take great care of them, and always have a hut ready for them till their own should be built. He said if the teachers came to his country then Gungunyan could not raid upon him any more.

This is another whole district open to us now, and when I asked for a guide to take us farther south, he and his chief counsellor came with us instead. They were very intelligent, and to save ravines for the donkeys they took us a roundabout way towards 'Mtema's, the next chief. We passed acre after acre of well-cultivated fields, chiefly along the banks of the Sabi and cut out of the thick jungle. The trees would delight a botanist, and the birds delight me. Sometimes the path went for a mile or two through masses of beautiful shrubs, then came a clearing with huts, and a family in charge. The walking was very easy. When we stopped for our food the chief sat opposite to me, and, after washing his hands, had his own food brought to him—it was fish caught in the Sabi river, and meal. Altogether he behaved as a native gentleman would. We made a very short walk

afterwards to Zitiro's village. When we were camped the musicians came down to sing a song about the last white man—apparently the only one—who came through about thirty years ago, as far as I can make out. The headman, a son of Gundyanga, accepted our teachers, and said he would give them a place to live in.

Then I hoped for an hour's quiet, as we had stopped early, but the musician came quite close, and appeared as determined as any London organ-grinder to have a present, saying he would play all day and all night, and come with us to the next village. This terrible threat produced his present, and he went. [They play monotonous tunes with their fingers on instruments with two rows of iron notes. For their great evening entertainments in the villages the shouting and singing is accompanied by drums, which they beat for hours together, while the people dance round and round. As the villages are usually on the top of a hill, the effect at night from below is very weird.]

August 29th.—Started early, before sunrise, and after thirteen or fourteen miles came to good water at the village of 'Mtema's son, where we breakfasted. The Induna from Gundyanga went back from here, with a final assertion that they were going to build a hut for our teacher, and that his people would like to be under the protection of the great English Queen.

August 30th, Sunday.—I had service with the catechists, and explained strongly to them from the

second lesson how careful they must be when living among the heathen, and what a great work was before them if they used the opportunity well.

While we were having service the chief 'Mtema came, bringing a goat as a present. After a long talk I asked him to go and discuss all I had told him with his village. When he came back he said that he and his people wished to have a teacher, and that they would lend him a hut until his own should be built, on a piece of ground to be pointed out to me. I thanked him, and told him to thank God for having teachers sent to him. Perhaps an idea that Gungunyan will be kept away holds a more prominent place in their acceptance of our Mission than any desire to learn Christianity.

In the afternoon three women came down very anxious to see me, as no white man had been to the village before. When we met they made the kind of exclamation that would be made at the Zoological Gardens over quite a new animal. They saluted very nicely, and said that when the teacher came they would cook well for him and take care of him.

August 31st.—It was very dark when we started. A donkey got away and delayed us by rolling on his load on the village cinder-heap. We went N.E. by E. steadily for about twelve miles, and then reached water, breakfast, and a chief at Nedanhe's village. He met us, saluting in the pretty way that is sometimes found among these wilder tribes—coming forward with both hands spread out as though

offering himself to one. He accepted our teachers, and we went on, passing one beautiful stream of clear running water after another, and finally following one, the Moloti, up a lovely valley till we stopped for the night, after a walk to-day of about twenty-five miles. The men were very happy as they had plenty of food.

One advantage of our constant change of guides is that as they feed round the same fire, and join at night in our prayers, they must learn something to tell their villages.

September 1st.—We walked on by the side of the Moloti up to its source ; we then crossed its watershed to the Imarque river, which runs into the Sabi, but exactly where we are I don't know.

I fired off my rifle to-day for the first time, and shot a very large sable antelope, male ; it only delayed us half an hour, and the meat cheered up the men immensely. They have walked excellently, and certainly deserve all they can have.

We reached a village where our guide left us to go back, and the people wanted us to wait till some one came to take us on to the great chief about here, Mooucha. I could not wait : and presently we found some wandering men who offered to guide us, so we travelled slowly up and down hills, among rocks and stones, till we came to Giaza's village. We have risen about 1,050 feet during the last two days, finding great relief in being away from the low ground : here we are about 3,750 feet above sea-level, and surrounded by mountains far higher. This may

be a splendid site some day for a branch Mission centre.

September 2nd.—The chief's son came down for our interview, saying that his father was too old to travel. He and his men were very sensible, saying they thought they would find it difficult to learn, but would try. The objections vary a little in each place; however, we settled everything here more quickly than ever before. They are the Nyamaza people. I invited them to come to our fire, and gave them meat and meal; they help me a good deal with my map.

They certainly build far more sensibly than the Mashona; the huts are put on rising ground, but near water, and near their gardens; and as they do not crowd the huts in among the rocks, the village is far cleaner. They dread the raids of Gungunyan, as the Mashona dread those of Lobengula; but till the raid comes they lead a pleasanter life. I was struck by the way in which the women of these tribes mix in the public life, and they behave very nicely and intelligently. Unless they feel an 'introduction' has taken place between them and us by my being accepted at a village, they turn out of the road when we meet them, and do not look at us. The little black children usually run at the sight of me, and sometimes their screams show how repugnant is the white skin to their purely natural mind. They seem sharper than their white contemporaries, as one of the latter terrified would probably

stand and scream ; here the little mite scuttles off to hide, or, if its mother is in sight, runs to her and jumps up on her back. They do not seem to run to her arms at all.

To-day we have been among mountains, with a bad guide. One chief we saw immediately gave me his garden hoe, as it was the only present he could make me. I formally gave it back as a present from myself, saying I could not take away what was so necessary to him. He equally formally accepted it, scraping his feet on the ground and thanking. 'But,' he said, 'what will my father Parpedo say to my having given you no present?' He sent another guide on with us, and till sundown we clambered and stumbled over rocks and stones till we crossed a very high pass among the mountains, and came to the head of a beautiful valley, with the little river Munianiazi running down it. Here we camped for the night, and as our matches did not arrive with us the men made fire with the fire-sticks.

September 3rd.—Our path lay down the valley, the most fertile I have seen in Africa ; the hills, even in the dry season, drain down into the central brook, and under the mountains is a broad belt of land that seems capable of growing anything. It is very thinly inhabited, as its chief, Parpedo, lives away up on a great height with a wide look-out, so as to have the earliest warning of a raid from Gungunyan

We passed two villages, where I had talks with

the people, and climbed some steep rocky hills on our way to Parpedo, but I found the road was taking us so far into the mountains and away from Untali that I had our camp made, and sent the guide to ask Parpedo to come to me. To save a day, I followed the guide, and found the chief, with whom I had the usual talk, and heard the usual objections, only very pleasantly put.

He was coughing badly, but when I offered him medicine he refused, saying he was not really ill: 'If I were really ill I should be afraid that I was going to die.' I spoke to him about death, and that when we died the Great God in heaven took us. He asked, 'How could that be, because if he were taken to heaven he could never come back to earth?' Their reasoning is very childish and material, and then again pathetic, as when they say they are black men, and so how can they learn?

I always try to make them feel it is they who should be grateful for the teacher, and not we for their accepting him. Poor Parpedo wished to talk more of Gungunyan's raids than of anything else: and then there was plainly some one else, too, he was afraid of; and so he passes what might be a happy life in almost the only ugly spot in his really beautiful country, without fuel and in keen mountain air. We parted on excellent terms, and I walked back to our camp with a goat and a guide, and the chief's invitation to our Mission to come to his country—all very valuable pieces of property, but

like others partly fleeting, as the guide found our hillside too bleak and windy, and went back to his village, saying he would catch cold.

These people are called the Gargwé people : they make excellent matting out of split reeds.

September 4th.—We had to go twelve miles down a valley to get round an immense mountain. For four days we have been in a sea of mountains ; there seems no break in any direction, and I can see continuous mountains to the south-west for some twenty miles at least.

We have been in some very beautiful valleys, and in several of the streams, especially in the higher part of the country, we found the blue water-lily.

Breakfast to-day was near an exquisitely lovely brook, clear water rippling over stones, and trees everywhere. After thirteen miles of sun this was a delightful place for our two hours' rest. We then walked on to Inyamana's town, and climbed up his big mountain to get some rather dirty water and to find that he was away. Later in the evening his son came to see us, and we slept in a kind of ploughed field.

September 5th.—I decided to go back to Umtali direct, as the next great chiefs can be easily reached from there ; we cannot be very far away now. We walked thirteen miles under a hot sun, and breakfasted near an exquisitely beautiful mountain stream, the Mopudzi. I had plenty of time to wash, as Charlie, the Capetown native who cooks for me, is consistently one

of the hinder detachment in our walks. He excused himself to-day by saying he had never seen a 'white man' walk as I did; perhaps if he knew how very nearly the 'white man' has had enough of it he might not respect him so much.

Three men have joined us, saying they want to work. We have one yard of calico left, so perhaps it is time we got back to our base. [There is no money in use among the natives; guides have to be paid and food bought with calico. The measurement is from one hand to another when both arms are stretched out to their farthest extent, and one of these would be good payment for a guide for the day. The calico is cheap unbleached cotton, worth about $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ a yard at Capetown, but a great deal more after it as been carried into this country. Farther north the people prefer blue calico, as it is supposed to keep away devils.]

We have left the country of 'happy valleys' round Parpedo's; all through them the foliage of the 'machabel' trees was beautiful beyond words, the young leaves being of every shade of colour from golden yellow to deep crimson. We finished the day by a good second walk, about twenty-three miles altogether.

Sunday, September 6th.—We reached Moladjiqua's village after six miles; he is a brother of the head chief, and was stupid and utterly unlike the south-country chiefs we have been among. I could make no impression on him from a missionary point of

view. The people here are called Gindui. The women wear a porcelain tube about one and a half inches long, pushed through their upper lip; half stands out in front, the rest is accommodated in the mouth as best it may be, and the effect is odd.

The walk back to Umtali was the worst one I have had to do, and I thought once I should hardly get in. Perhaps the sun has a good deal to do with one's exhaustion, but then it is a continual factor in the work in this country, as I suppose it must be in all tropical lands. How well one learns to understand here the Bible view of the sun, and the beauty of the promise: 'The sun shall not burn thee by day'; and the coolness and rest of 'the shadow of a great rock in a weary land'; or again, the force of 'As soon as the sun was up it was scorched'!

We got into Umtali after doing twenty-four miles up and down hill; at the last river the donkey carrying the sleeping-blankets fell down and lay in the water, and was only saved from drowning with great difficulty.

We seem altogether to have walked about 280 miles, and I feel it has been a most useful journey for our future work. Thanks be to God!

September 7th.—We hear that Dr. Glanville died on his road from here to Fort Salisbury—what from I cannot find out; he had two horses and apparently every convenience for the road when he left us. I am very sorry.

Wilkins had a long series of troubles to tell me;

some of the Mashona had left him soon after I started, and no intelligent workman could be found under exorbitant wages; the brighter news is that somehow or another 50,000 bricks have been made. The nurses have moved into their new hospital huts, and are far more comfortable; their one luxury is a



BISHOP'S HUT AT UMTALI.

[From a Photograph.]

small china tea-set that has actually been brought up from 'Mpanda's, and to be asked to share their afternoon tea reminds the camp and myself of the far-away English home. A man has brought up his wife and two children, who are ill with fever. I wish we could do more for them.

CHAPTER V.

THE BISHOP'S JOURNEY TO THE WESTERN TRIBES.

SEPTEMBER 10TH.—My plan is to start to-day for Fort Salisbury to see the Administrator, Dr. Jameson, about land for the Church settlements. William Wilson goes with me to plant out two catechists with chiefs to the north. I shall be able to take a horse for this journey. After starting, the Mashona who had been put in charge of the food thought it heavy to carry, so he and two friends ate it all. Not knowing this, I stayed behind to see the nurses and Mr. Fiennes. The value of such a Christian gentleman as he is, under the circumstances in which we are all living, seems to increase daily. The officer in command, Captain Bruce, is also most kind to us; and to know that all the higher-class men of the country are with one in the work certainly removes half the weight of difficulties and annoyances.

I caught up my men at sunset, to find them very discontented at having no food. I had to send five miles to the nearest village to buy some, but none arrived.

September 11th.—The men were mostly sulky at not having their proper food, though I gave them some of the little I had. We managed to get them to walk

on about twenty-two miles. Perhaps I ought to be thankful my men only grumble when they are hungry, instead of deserting, as one constantly hears of their doing. On our way we met three Europeans from Fort Salisbury, and had a talk. One of them pleased me very much by saying he thought missionary work among the Mashona would be most useful; his reasons were their extraordinary immorality, and their thieving habits. The latter charge I do not think a true one.

September 12th.—We walked on the few miles to Maconi's town, as my first visit had been too unsatisfactory to be contented with, surrounded as he had been by his men, all noisy and wild. I had left our catechist Frank four miles off, but I was anxious to get things on a better footing than this.

We began with a moral tussle. I sent the ordinary message of salutation up to him, to which he replied courteously that I must go up and see him, the real meaning being that he would not come out to see me. As I had been once to see him, I felt it would be taking a wrong position to go again; and it is very curious what a bad effect upon the native mind and upon their attitude towards their teachers this has. So I sent him word that I was going on soon, but that I wished to see him there, and had my present for him. Soon he appeared with his men, quite sober and ready to talk quietly. For a long time we went round the question of his receiving our

missionaries in true native fashion, till at last he said that he would show me the place where the teachers could live. I had hoped at the most that he would give a kind of permission for his people to be taught, but this definite position is most valuable. His country is one of the largest in the diocese, and he is a representative of one of the three ancient lines of chiefs that the whole country recognises.

I and two of the Indunas then walked to Frank's hut, and the place was formally pointed out as our place. It is close to a large native town, hardly less in size than the one where Maconi lives. I was very pleased with what Frank had done; he was in his own hut teaching four or five Mashona boys. Frank is a pure Zulu, and the only survivor of an expedition that went up to the Zambesi and Lake Nyassa; the fever then got into his system, and he has suffered badly from it for years, and especially lately here. Instead of the low dirty Mashona huts, he has built his in the Zulu fashion—large, clean, and comfortable; indeed, the second one is remarkably good for native work. When I asked him whom it was for, he hesitated a good deal from shyness before asking me in the nicest way to take it as mine.

September 13th, Sunday.—We had an early service, and then a long talk with Frank. He wants one of his own people—a Zulu—to live with him, and see to him when he is down with fever. I made all the arrangements I could for him, and left barter calico, and a large blanket for himself. He deserves

all we can do for him, and is of great value to our Church here. He must have acted very sensibly, for though Maconi had at that time refused our teachers, I find he has been sending his two Indunas to see Frank. This is all a great point gained, and now here is another large district open to Christianity if only England will give us means to take full possession.

We had an early service, and another at 11 A.M., and walked on in the afternoon till after dark. Walking is often more restful, peaceful, and Sunday-like than going through the parody of a day of rest that one gets among heathen natives, when, from the eating, shouting, and laughing, there is small opportunity of talking to them.

September 14th.—We made a good journey to Mosueré's town, where we stopped for an hour and breakfasted, though the horrible crowding round and noise of the natives that go on all the time do not allow of much rest. We then went on and stopped for the night at a very small village in Maguendi's country.

September 15th.—I visited Gera's village. On the path all the population turned out to see my horse, and the chief went on with us some way, prancing along in front, and carrying my rifle at his own request. Their civility is no doubt increased by their knowledge of Bernard, our catechist farther on. When we reached his station at Maguendi's, I heard excellent reports of him from the two troopers at the

post station. He has built his hut, but has been staying with them. The chief has sent his brother-in-law and an Induna has sent his son to live with Bernard and be taught by him. The chief is said to be very fond of him, and all is going on well.

Wilson leaves me here to take two catechists to visit five chiefs to the north and leave them to settle there, for it is important to have two together when they are so far away from any of us. I gave them their rainy season clothes and boots and a supply of barter calico for their food.

Corporal Smith has been of the greatest value to us here, and one wishes that white men in such a country as this realised more how they help or hinder Christ's work. In the afternoon I dedicated Bernard's hut, and spoke for a long time with him about his work.

September 16th.—Our guide was splendid to-day; he went along at a great pace, and altogether the men must have walked thirty miles. I saw the chief, Luseke, who had spontaneously asked for a teacher and been visited by Bernard, and I promised to send him one as soon as possible.

In the afternoon I sent Bernard off to the north to see the chief who owns this part of the country, and consequently in the evening, when we reached Mashonganiika, I had to carry on a conversation with him alone as best I could. However, he was most amiable. The only incident to-day was a large bog, into which I and my horse dropped.

September 17th.—We reached Fort Salisbury, and Dr. Jameson, now Administrator, came to see me. We discussed the land question, which is quite as important to me as to Ireland, and arrived at a most satisfactory agreement. So far as the Chartered Company is concerned, our Church is to have a right to 3,000 acres of land wherever we place a Mission. When the country develops, as it must do in the ordinary course, this land will become very valuable as an endowment, and should make assistance from England unnecessary. But to reach this financial ideal for a foreign Mission we must be placed in a position to accept this offer now by having a block sum of money to enable us to occupy good land, and to cultivate and stock it as a foundation for the future. But from another point of view I look on this promise of land as most important. Should the white settlers increase largely in numbers, another native land question must rise up here as it has done in every part of South Africa. The Mashona might be in danger of being pressed out of the more valuable agricultural parts of the country, and those Mission lands could then be used as a kind of native reserve, and prevent the necessity of their leaving their towns.

It is to be hoped that Europeans will never be allowed to settle on the ground of the natives. Besides the grave injustice of taking the land which the Mashona need, a serious complication of the

labour difficulty would follow, as the natives would probably leave the country.

The whole question of the land is a difficult one. I consider that the land which the natives of this country actually inhabit belongs to them. How they came into possession of it we do not know; we found them in possession. We have no more right to take any land which they actually inhabit, and by unknown length of tenure own, than we should have to dispossess white men holding property in England on the same tenure. But they only occupy a very small part of the country, and it is a question how far land which they have never occupied belongs to them. Though each chief would claim territory to some boundary, even when consecutive miles of it are uninhabited, yet I think that he would see no objection to other people settling there. Though it is no argument if there had been anything unjust in the occupation of the country, yet there can be no doubt that the presence of the Chartered Company is a great benefit to the Mashona, as an end has been put to Matabele raids wherever they have come. Where they have not been, to the south of Manicaland, I have been asked that the country may be put under the protection of the Great Queen, as this would keep away the Gaza raids. Apart from the Matabele question, I believe that the natives prefer white men living in their country, so long as they are just and do not take their occupied land, for the white man gives work,

and provides what otherwise the natives would not have. Apart from this, the movement of the white man northward in Africa seems, rightly or wrongly, inevitable. It is only a question as to which white men shall move up; and we, who accept things as they are, are thankful that a Company, having such a class of officers and such regulations as this has, is the power which has moved up. The Company makes for good. When it shows signs of demoralisation or relaxes its righteous rules, it will be time for the friends of the natives to speak.

September 18th.—I rode out with Mr. Selous to his farm, and arranged with his farmer to choose our Mission land for Fort Salisbury. The ground was better than I expected. Bernard came back, saying that Chiquaqua wished our missionaries for his country.

I had some time with Canon Balfour, who has just returned from a good walk to the north. He travels very well, and gets on admirably with natives. I had thought he wished for a change, but now he is intent on staying on for a time longer. He has great courage. The Church which he has built here is the only one in the country. Major Forbes takes the service when Canon Balfour is away.

September 20th.—Holy Communion at 7.30 A.M.; Church Parade for the police at 10; Service for the townspeople at 11 A.M.; and evening Service at 7 o'clock. We decided on the necessity for another church, however rough, about half a mile away from

the camp, where the bulk of the people live; and Colonel Pennefather, always an influence for good, promised me £20 for our work. Some time ago, one of our most gallant English soldiers, at a meeting for Mashonaland in Capetown, alluded to the relative good which English wars and English Missions had done in Africa. My own experience would answer that the value which English officers, directly and indirectly, have been to our Missions has been incalculable. The hospital here is as empty now as that at Umtali.

September 21st.—We made a good day's journey along the dusty, wearying road to Fort Charter and the south, up which all the waggons have come for the last eighteen months. The most interesting variation is in thicker or thinner dust, and in the kind of dead oxen lying along the side. I am going as far as Fort Charter to try and meet Mr. Sewell, a clergyman who was coming up to join the Mission with the waggon by the Bechuanaland route.

We visited a village on our way, and I learnt two curious Mashona customs: one, that when twin babies are born both are drowned; and another, that during harvest they keep a sixth day of rest. On this day the chief sends a man up a hill to say, 'It is Mwali's day,' *i.e.* God's day, and no one works. This is one of the few traces of any religion that I have found among them; but the more one knows of natives the more one finds how consistently they keep on concealing from strangers what they really think.

September 22nd.—I met the Wesleyan deputation coming up for their first attempt in Mashonaland. They gave me tea, and I explained to them how many of the chiefs had already accepted our missionaries.

The next day we reached Fort Charter, the carriers having walked the distance of nearly seventy miles in two days and a half most admirably; and as they have been scantily fed it does them all the more credit. Bernard confided in me that 'the men were very fond of me,' so I suppose they do not mind hard work and little food.

September 24th.—We left Fort Charter soon after five this morning, as I can hear no news of Mr. Sewell. Sleeping that night at Untigeza's and making arrangements for sending a missionary there, we went on another day and a half to an interesting chief, Gambisa. He replied to my question about a house for a teacher, 'Who should build it if I did not?' and to another question, 'I am only a little child, how can I answer you?' He said later that he was afraid other teachers might be sent instead of ours, and that he would receive none who were not brought by me or Bernard. I do not know what suggested this to him.

There is a tree here which they call their 'praying tree.' It is chosen by their medicine man, and then surrounded by a fence.

The sun was very hot, and by a grave misfortune after leaving the village we found a dead antelope. The men, of course, wished for the meat, and hence

confusion for the rest of the day. The guide stayed behind with the antelope: we took different roads: we could not camp near a stream, as the men who came on with me had no food: and finally we had to go on in the dark. Happily we met two men who showed us a short cut over a hill to a village, so that I got under my blankets about eleven o'clock in a filthy corner under some rocks near Makwarimba's town. I felt that when the people began to fight and wrangle all round with my men about the payment for bringing some wood for the fires my temper was at its lowest ebb. Eighteen hours of work is too long when travelling is as tiring as this is.

September 27th.—We left our dirty camp, and reached another village that is an almost perfect type of the Mashona country. There is a brook here at our feet, and beyond it the beautifully green grass rises in a gentle slope for a quarter of a mile to the base of the great rock-like hill. The sides are almost perpendicular, covered with trees and broken boulders, and the path winds up in and out among them. Right on the top, standing clearly out against the sky-line, are the conical-roofed huts, the brown of the thatch and clay contrasting forcibly, as every shade does in this clear air, with the blue beyond and the green or crimson of the trees below. It belongs to the chief Makouromouri.

September 28th.—We had an interesting day, as we reached my former friends at Sapiro's, who concealed us from the Gaza tribute collectors in 1888.

He was very pleased to see me again, and became most friendly, saying, 'You and Selous are the only two people known in this country; I have given him one of my sons, and I will give you another.' I explained that I could not take the boy to live with



MAKOUROMOURI'S VILLAGE.

me till I returned from England; but I was very pleased, as not only shall we have the boy to teach, and chiefs' sons represent the highest calibre in the tribe, but it is one of the greatest marks of trust that the chief could have given us.

Sipiro was much interested to know how I was going to England, and how ships could be made to go on the water. He said it was a small thing to build a hut for the catechist, and that of course he

would do it ; but would I not choose the piece of ground ? The mention of a future life generally makes natives laugh, but Sipiro and his people were very sensible when I spoke about it to them. They are the remains of the great Barotse race, who used to hold the paramount power over the whole of this country till their cruelty drove the sub-chiefs to revolt, and they were driven out. Sipiro is undoubtedly one of the native gentlemen one meets with at times.

To the west of this are some of the largest iron-works in the country. The Mashona differ from all other races in Southern Africa in the cleverness of their manual labour, and I believe they could be taught almost anything. They are born miners, and get the iron out of the ground with tools made by themselves. There is one place Mr. Selous has called Iron Mine Hill, and paths lead from it in all directions. When the Mashona have got the iron out they smelt it in very primitive but very effective little furnaces. Those I saw were from two to three feet high, and placed in a row of five or six together under one long shed ; the bellows behind each furnace were made of goat skins, and worked up and down by men sitting on the ground. They use charcoal for fuel, and put lumps of fat on the iron ore itself. When smelted the iron is taken to the smith of the village—in one case I know he was the chief—and with no tools except stones of different sizes he beats and shapes it into assegais, hoes, the iron notes of their

musical instruments, or the bangles for their women. The assegais have a high reputation, and may be equal to the second quality of English steel. One could imagine Tubal Cain at work with just such appliances as these.

After leaving Sipiro, the next day we came across some Mashona putting up their nets for a large game drive, who ran away when they first saw us. They had chosen a very narrow valley, and right across its narrowest part they had stretched their nets, beautifully made of bark, and about five feet high. The drive itself I could not wait to see.

Presently in the middle of another group of Mashonas we found a white man, looking very miserable and half-dazed. When I spoke he asked if he were going right for 'Mpanda's. He was going in the opposite direction, and had been lost for five days in the bush after wandering away from the main road, and was starving when he saw the natives, who were very good and did all they could for him. I offered to take him on with us and feed him, but he said he was tired and would follow me. It is extraordinary how these people get on at all, for one can hardly imagine the madness of leaving the track in a horrible lion country, and without a rifle.

September 30th.—We started at 5 A.M., but soon after my horse and the donkey were lying side by side, stuck fast in a morass, with only Mashona to help, so it took some time to get them out. These morasses, I find, are often under the finer and shorter grass. The

water appears to lie on the surface, but is so hidden by the thick green grass that man and beast are often in before it can be detected.

We pushed on till about four miles from Umtali, when a trooper met us, and I learnt that the site of the township had been moved to the spot where we then were. This is an unexpected blow, as it leaves all the buildings we have been working so hard at too far away from the new township to be of practical use for present needs. It means new expense and new trouble, and another briar on a not over-smooth road. Mr. Jagger, Bennett, and my old half-caste servant Edward were waiting at the Mission huts; they had been coming up with our waggon by the Bechuanaland road, but thinking they could push on more quickly had walked ahead. Mr. Sewell remained with the ox-waggon. I am very sorry not to see him before leaving, as I wished to arrange matters personally with him for the next six months.

The nurses are in their new huts, very bright and cheerful in spite of the many discomforts and privations they have to bear, and which no doubt they feel all the more as this is the healthy season of the year, when there is but little work for them to do. But it is most fortunate they came up when they did, as they have time to get things in order before the rainy season, and to travel then would have been impossible.

The next few days were busy ones. The Surveyor-General was at Umtali, and he settled our Mission

land, &c. with me. In addition to our farm, where we have been working, and where I hope to have native industrial training schools, the Chartered Company have allotted perhaps the best piece of ground in the new township to the Mission; the hospital and the nurses' huts are to be close under it, and the site for the school is to be rather out of the town, so as to have a playground, as we are making preparations for white children here. All this is only one among the many acts of kindness and courtesy done for us by the officers of the Chartered Company, who have indeed helped us in many ways. Apart from one's confidence in Dr. Jameson as the Administrator of the country, I shall never forget his personal kindness to myself.

October 4th.—We all received the Holy Communion together in my hut at 8 o'clock; afterwards I walked to the police camp and had service there, then to the nurses' for lunch and service, and then back here for evening service.

The next day William Wilson came back from having planted down the two native catechists to the north; he has seen the five chiefs whom they are to visit. His diary of the journey is a model one—it is only an account of work done and difficulties met. He does not even mention that he has severely injured himself in getting his donkeys over the rocks on his way.

Good news has come of Bernard, who is seeing to the building of teachers' huts at two more chiefs' by

their own desire ; and he is in high favour with Maguendi's people, as he has just satisfactorily settled a cattle dispute for them.

Before leaving I received letters from two officers of the Chartered Company, saying it was wonderful what rapid strides the Mission had made under adverse circumstances ; and another, speaking of the position that the Mission has gained, of the large extent of country visited, of the number of important chiefs who are now its friends, adds : ' It seems to have been grasped by the native mind, and to be looked up to and respected by them as a power in the land.'

We then walked eastward to 'Mpanda's, near the sea, in eight and a half days, having travelled nearly 1,300 miles since I left it in May. It was terribly sad to see there hundreds of pounds' worth of stores, that ought to have been our supply for the year, lying useless, because of the impossibility of getting them up to Umtali. The unexpected failure for the present of the Pungwé route has, indeed, cost the diocese heavily. I sent back as many loads of provisions for the Mission workers at Umtali as I could find natives to carry up ; every village round was searched for carriers, and all the gold that I could collect I sent to George Wilson, English sovereigns being the only current coin to pay carriers with.

I have been a good deal troubled by what is being said about supplying the natives with drink. It is so remunerative that we can hardly hope that

the attempt will not be made; but the Chartered Company have spoken decisively about it—no native is to be supplied with drink within their jurisdiction. Those who care for their dark-skinned fellow-men will uphold the Company in this their righteous regulation, and assist them to suppress any attempt at breaking it. Terrible as are the horrors of the slave trade, the injury done to the natives by the importation of drink is ultimately the greater evil of the two.

After spending two Sundays at Beira, where we had services, I was taken off by H.M.S. *Racoon*, and landed at the comparatively civilised Delagoa Bay in time to hold service there on Sunday, November 22nd.

END OF THE BISHOP'S JOURNAL FOR 1891.

CHAPTER VI.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF MISS BLENNERHASSET,
ONE OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND MISSION NURSES AT
UMTALI.

APRIL 16TH.—We, Beryl Welby, Lucy Sleeman, and Rose Blennerhasset, left Capetown *en route* for Mashonaland to nurse there for the Bishop.

May 7th.—Durban. Alas, we are still here! The Bishop is going to the Pungwé in the first steamer, but it is strongly urged on him and on us that we had better wait for the next steamer, and then go up under the care of Dr. Doyle Glanville, who is attached to the Mission. This is decided on, as we shall go up country quicker in the end.

Sunday, June 14th.—'Mpanda's. It would be difficult to give an idea of the dirt and squalor of this place. The camp is pitched on a mud bank between the Pungwé and a stagnant creek. We got the tent the Bishop had left ready for us; it had been used meanwhile for some sick men, but a hut was run up instead for them, as they were now convalescent but tentless. Dr. Todd, from H.M.S. *Magicienne* asked us this morning to help with the sick, of whom he has taken charge, Dr. Wilson, the Company's doctor, being seriously ill with fever. Yesterday morning two natives were found dead. We found 23 in two very dirty miserable sheds. All were very ill, some in great danger. We began to clean out the sheds ourselves, when a European sent two of his natives to do it. We fed the natives every three hours to-day, and I hope we shall lose none. Dr. Todd's kindness to the natives is delightful to see.

Monday, June 15th.—Couldn't sleep last night because of lions roaring about half a mile from camp, where they were devouring a bullock. The rats were troublesome too—they are enormous, and run over us at night, often dropping on our heads from the roof of the tent; but they are not so fierce as English rats—their snouts are less sharp—they are more like gigantic field-mice.

We went to-day to see a so-called road, which is merely a rude track along which some grass has been burnt. A runner brought letters from the Bishop, who gives directions for our getting carriers, and being carried up in 'machilas,' in the Portuguese fashion. It is, we are told, a walk of 160 miles. We are anxious to get on.

Monday, June 29th.—Since last entry most of our sick have become convalescent. Out of 42 Europeans at 'Mpanda's 38 have had fever. Some working-men, bricklayers, &c., who had come up with their savings, spent everything at 'Mpanda's, unable to get on, and at last turned back with no money and with shattered health. 'Mpanda's is crammed with stores of all kinds; the owners of them can't get on. To-day the Bishop's man, Wilkins, came back from a kraal about fifty miles away, and brought us 23 natives—16 able-bodied and seven almost children. We have given up all idea of 'machilas,' as we want to try and take provisions up, and each 'machila' requires four boys. We have engaged some Portuguese-speaking boys, and hope to be ready to leave to-morrow. There is no change in the camp, and it is very difficult to get money to pay the natives. They only understand two coins—a rupee and 'umpoundo,' which is £1. They would rather have a rupee, value 1s. 8d., than 5s.

Wednesday, July 1st.—We are away from 'Mpanda's at last! We planned to encamp last night about four miles from 'Mpanda's, and begin our walk in earnest to-day. Our departure was delayed in many ways, the natives being very tiresome, rushing back to the canteen to drink, refusing

to start, &c., so that it was getting dark as we filed after the long line of carriers down to a point where we were to cross the Pungwé. One little canoe, dug out of a tree, was there to meet us, and a strange little shrivelled old man paddled us over. We sat on the edges of the canoe, there being no seats or sticks across, and the boat was too narrow to admit of our sitting at the bottom of it. We were in mortal terror, afraid to breathe, for a sudden movement would easily upset such a canoe, and the river, as we knew, swarms with crocodiles. It was a great relief to be on *terra firma* again, and to watch the natives and the loads coming over. We had now arrived at the kraal where we were to spend the night. It was already dark, and we proceeded to hunt up the bundle containing candles, lanterns, &c., but it was not to be found. To our horror we discovered that the boy who carried this special load had not come on; he had got tipsy, and remained 'somewhere.' There was hardly any wood to be had, but we made as good a fire as we could, and took the *contretemps* gaily. It was hopeless to try and pitch a tent in such darkness and confusion, so we rolled ourselves in our blankets and slept by the camp fire. We could hear lions roaring in the distance, and the weird cry of the hyena. Towards morning we were roused from troubled sleep by frightful screams and lamentations, a sort of dismal chant, broken by long sobbing screams; it was really a blood-curdling sound, and for some moments we were afraid to move or speak. At last, seeing that our natives were paying little or no attention to it, we made inquiries, and found that one of the inhabitants of the kraal had just died, and his people were keening over him, much as mourners do in Ireland. As we got up we were requested to go away to one end of the kraal, and not cross the path along which the body was carried in a very ingenious sort of wickerwork shell. When it had departed we started on our walk in earnest.

Friday, July 3rd.—We arrived here, Sarmiento, to-day,

a little after 1 P.M. We are now forty-five miles from 'Mpanda's. Yesterday's walk was very trying; there was no water for nearly twelve miles; the soil was loose, sandy, and for every step forward we seemed to slide two back. Late in the afternoon we reached a shelter built of grass, where we decided on spending the night. We found a young fellow from 'Mpanda's there, suffering from the effects of fever; he seemed still to be rather light-headed. His friend had followed a honey-bird into the bush, and came back soon after with the honey in a sort of palm-leaf basket. During the night the lions came down to drink at the swampy pool in front of the shelter, and they made a terrific noise. It seemed very strange to be so near all these wild creatures, with not even the slenderest door or mat to shut them out of our hut. In the morning the spoor of an elephant was seen. I wish we could have seen him and the lions—from a distance.

To-day's walk was uneventful. The path crossed a green park-like country, with good-sized trees dotted about, and clumps of palm trees. We saw an immense quantity of game, antelopes, and buffaloes. The natives became much excited; they flung down their loads and rushed after the buffaloes with their assegais. They killed one, and then followed us into Sarmento with huge lumps of gory flesh bound on their loads, and covered with blood.

Sarmento is beautifully situated on a sort of plateau terrace, with the river dashing over rocks below, and woods all round. But the village is dirty beyond belief.

July 7th.—In the woods, rain pouring, and great trouble with our carriers. At the first halt, a few hours from Sarmento, they refused to go any further. The 'Inkoos,' or chief, a very picturesque person, with his wool plaited into at least a hundred little tails, went off and hid in the woods. Towards evening he returned, and asked for blankets for all his men, pointing to ours as if inclined to take them. Dr. Glanville sent him away, and he and his

men retired in great ill-humour. The next morning the Inkoos and men came and deposited their money at our feet, but after long persuasion were induced to take it up again and go on with us.

July 10th.—Shemoios. Arrived here an hour or two ago. Stopped to breakfast at Mandigo's, a deserted Portuguese camp. Natives poured in from neighbouring kraals. The women made us presents of meal. Wherever we go the natives display great curiosity about us, watching us whilst we eat, and often following us to some distance. They used to declare at 'Mpanda's that the white women never eat, because their waists left no room for food to go down. At Mandigo's we met a native with letters, and found one for us from the Bishop, who supposes us to be at 'Mpanda's.

All round here is very, very pretty.

July 13th.—Massi-Kessi. Here we are after quite an adventure. All our boys, except four Portuguese natives, fled in the night at Shemoios! It was wet and dismal, and at first we were almost in despair; but, after a short discussion, we three decided on pushing on with Dr. Glanville and three natives. We took only a change of things with us, the smallest possible amount of food, and we left most of our blankets behind. Our few men went splendidly, and we got over the ground very well indeed. A few miles beyond Shemoios we came upon a troop of zebra, who did not allow our presence to disturb them very much. Last night we encamped outside Massi-Kessi. One of my boots was almost torn in two by the stump of a tree.

We have sent on a runner to the Bishop to tell him of our approach, and mean to encamp a few miles beyond this place.

July 14th.—At last—Umtali! Yesterday was a day of misfortune, for on leaving Massi-Kessi we found that the boys had lost their way, and were not even sure of the direction of Umtali. When we halted they went to

explore the neighbourhood ; but we must have gone far out of our way, for we walked rapidly since 6.30 A.M., halting only once for half an hour, and we did not reach this place till 5 P.M. We climbed bare slippery hillsides; the heat was intense, and we could find no water till late in the afternoon. We had nothing to eat, the provisions having come to an end the day before. However, we had a small quantity of bovril, which we drank when we found a stream. We almost despaired of reaching Umtali, and it was with a feeling of intense relief that we suddenly saw the police flag afar off. The Bishop met us at a river below his camp; he had only got our letter an hour or two before we arrived. He gave us up his hut, and made us as comfortable as possible. I feel very ill, and fear I have got the fever.

Saturday, August 15th.—We have now been at Umtali a month, and are still at Sabi Ophir camp, the guests of Mr. Campion. The Bishop has gone to his Mission farm—a place about three miles from here, very picturesquely situated. The Mission-house will be on the top of a craggy mount commanding a beautiful view of the valley. I have had a rather bad attack of fever; Sister Beryl a slight one; and the Bishop has had some very sharp ones. The Company are building our hospital huts about half a mile from the camp, and the doctor's alone on a bare hillside. There is difficulty in obtaining native labour, and one does not wonder, as one hears so many stories of the way in which the natives have been ill-treated and cheated by some of the white men. The Bishop has more natives than he needs offering to work for him, and his natives do not run away. On the Mission farm, if the natives don't like it, and stay for a few days only, they are paid for what they have done, and part on good terms. They are neither pampered nor made much of there, and have to work very hard, but they are treated with perfect justice, and never knocked about.

No doubt the native has great powers of aggravation, and the blunders they commit, the confusion they create, are still more irritating by their indifference to results, whether good or bad. A shrug of the shoulder, an 'I kona,' represents all they feel on every subject excepting food. On the other hand I have found them astonishingly honest. We never by any chance lock up anything, and have never missed even a spoonful of sugar, though sugar is a great temptation to them.

We are still without luggage of any kind, excepting what we brought up with us—merely a change each. A man who contracts to manage transport took our things and most of the Bishop's stores away from 'Mpanda's on the 6th of July, with waggons and eighty oxen. We hear that all the oxen are dead and the waggons stuck on the road. I fear our journey up and the bringing up of stores has cost the Bishop four or five times as much as there was reason to suppose it would when we set out.

Monday, August 24th.—To-day we heard with surprise and regret of the death of Dr. Doyle Glanville from fever and exhaustion. He was apparently a very strong, healthy man, but towards the end of our walk up appeared to suffer from exhaustion. He would not take any medicine. He was ill at Umtali after his arrival. He left the Bishop for Fort Salisbury, and died by the roadside a few miles from his destination. Three natives were with him.

The erratic post arrived to-day with the first English letters we have had since we left Natal. They were dated May 1891. The mail-bags come in different ways. Sometimes they dangle from a native's assegai, sometimes they go by waggon at the rate of a very few miles a day, sometimes they tear down by runners. You may get a letter dated July before you receive one dated May. Natives have got tired of the mail, and stuck it into the thatch of a roof or hung it on a tree and gone away. Orders marked

'Urgent' were found in this way by a police officer weeks and weeks after he should have received them.

Three of our trunks arrived to-day and the Bishop's medicine chest. The latter has been broken open. We are assured that the branch of a tree took off the lock, tore out five screws, and split the lid evenly into two parts. The branches of African trees are endowed with marvellous powers. A number of bottles of medicine have been taken out of the chest, and an excellent little surgical case—quite new—has disappeared, together with waterproof sheets, &c. Our remaining boxes are 'somewhere' in the open between this and 'Mpanda's.

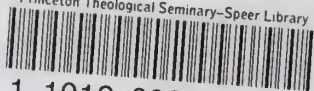
October 25th.—We walked over to the new township, which is *rushing* on. The temporary hospital is up; we are to have five huts with a covered way between, and a kitchen with two pantry places. Then there is to be another covered way to the two hospital wards, one for civilians, holding fifteen beds, and one for the police, holding five beds; close to these is the dispensary.

THE END.

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